

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

It is not a very gratifying reflection that on the only occasion during the present session of the Canadian Parliament when the members became really interested, it was on a question quite beyond the jurisdiction of the House. It is not very gratifying either to think of that House as growing excited over the buncombe deliverance of one who was merely trying to make himself solid with that class of the people whom he is under contract to lead by the nose. It is humiliating to think that with so great a country and so mixed a population we cannot produce enough of the dirty bitterness of politics without crossing the ocean to engage in Ireland's broils. Moreover, what is to become of such small domestic politics as we have if the Orangemen of the Cabinet is not to be allowed to draw a figurative—a purely figurative—sword in an assembly where all are friends thrice guarded with grip, wink and pass-word? How are the political fences to be kept up? how are organizations to be maintained, if manipulators are not allowed to blow a reviving breeze on the dying fires of prejudice now and then? The Government of this country is as broad as human intelligence; the Cabinet is as cosmopolitan as the market-place of Calcutta. Be you Orangemen or Jesuit, look to that Cabinet, and from it you will see the beckoning hand of the most savage leader of your cause. Be you moved by undying love or undying hate for Romanism, follow the Cabinet, rave and starve for the Government. Is Clarke Wallace not there? Is Mackenzie Bowell not there? You cannot go wrong. Is Curran not there, and Costigan? Hurrah for the immortal cause! It does not matter which immortal cause so long as you hurrah loud enough and keep in line. Is it not an outrage that the Comptroller of Customs in absent-mindedly pursuing his methodical duties as beacon-feeder to the Protestant fires should be plagued with a vote of censure when there are among his estimable colleagues men specially chosen to stoke up the fires of Romanism and even things nicely? It is a piece of Grit interference, that's what it is, and as such the House condemned it. Such is the delicate and eminently just mechanism of the Cabinet, that no injury can come from such a speech as that made by Clarke Wallace. If the Comptroller of Customs makes a hot-headed speech to the Orangemen at Kingston, why, then all that is required is for the Solicitor General to make a hot-headed speech next day to the Roman Catholics at Montreal. If one talks of shouldering a gun and marching to the relief of Ulster, the other can talk of shouldering a gun and marching to the siege of Ulster and Sir John Thompson and Mackenzie Bowell can sit at Ottawa and take a kindly interest in the pleasantries of the boys. Even though rebellion should ensue in Ulster and rival regiments be formed in Canada and sent to the red field of war, the Canadian Government would not suffer. There would be no members of the Cabinet among the slain; it would be the humble electors who would enlist and prance across to Ireland, and such is Grit luck that out of every ten men killed eight would be duly qualified Liberal voters from close constituencies.

There is a bulk of humbug in those who talk about taking up arms on one side or another of this Irish cause. I had much rather insure some of their lives against the dangers of the battlefield than against the ravages of old age. There is in the present generation a distinct antipathy to getting killed. It is a modern prejudice but nevertheless strong, and especially strong among men occupying fat offices. Should rebellion break out in Ulster, this prejudice will be encountered by recruiting officers in the Ottawa district no less than elsewhere. But if the worst does happen, it would be a grave error to form rival regiments and send them across the ocean; they might as well fight it out here and save time and expense. Better still, the drill and uniform might be done away with and you could begin operations at once by shooting your business partner, whose views on Home Rule are contrary to yours; Clarke Wallace could shoot Curran, Davin could shoot Wallace, and some illiterate plebeian could give the sage of Regina his quietus, and so the great question would move on toward solution. This plan would obviate the expense of sending rival factions to slaughter each other on the plains of Ulster and would result quite as satisfactorily.

Canada has already mixed overmuch in Irish affairs. Intelligent citizens of one country will always form opinions upon the affairs of another country, but when our Houses of Parliament officially and officiously meddle in outside affairs they do wrong. Let Canada live her life, for she has a life of her own. As for me, I forfeited my right and title to the privilege of getting shot in the Irish cause when my grandparents emigrated from Tyrone in 1820.

The promptness with which Dr. Sheard has been chosen to succeed Dr. Allen as Medical Health Officer has in some measure made amends for the unwarranted disorganization of that department at a time when public confidence in it should have been unshaken. Dr. Sheard has commenced his duties with a quietness and vigor that promise well. He suggests the idea of a man who will strive to allay that dangerous alarm which moves among the masses when a contagion breaks out. If he really possesses this character joined to a reasonable knowledge of those means whereby public health may be

cared for, he will suit his position. He will require, however, to have pliable views on such questions as are likely to influence the majority election next year. Dr. Allen fell for the sin of insubordination. With the fate of his predecessor in mind, the new officer will probably recede from the high ground of official independence first occupied by Mr. Jennings on becoming City Engineer. The millennium seemed to be here at that virtuous period when the aldermen, the newspapers and the people upon the streets all agreed with one voice that the head of a department should be free to pursue the right, independent of aldermanic control and voting influence. It was a shapely device, and we all moralized in a superior way on the emancipation of civic officials from the thralldom of jobbers. But Mr. Jennings was so literal in his application of the new principle that he soon had self-seekers in and out of council organized against him, and the pretty theory failed. Dr. Allen made the same mistake of supposing himself free to do right at any cost to friendship. His fate was swift and terrible, and now heads of departments will know that their vaunted independence is something to be worn for respectability's sake—that they are independent only of those who are too weak to shake the seats from under them. The head of a department cannot be independent

dition; very few prospective widows are likely to be surrounded by the same circumstances. Many men insert that clause in their will because they are bequeathing just enough to take care of the family left behind, and they feel that if their widow marries again she will marry someone who is able to support her and her share of the property should revert to the children, whose legacies may be barely sufficient to support them. If this be not the case, the man who is marrying the widow is expecting to be supported and will be simply another burden on the small property which some man now dead has struggled to get together. It is not a matter of sentiment, for if sentiment be dominant no widow will drop the name or hide away in some lonely closet of her life the mementoes of her first love.

I think the motive—and the surrounding circumstances can be relied upon to pretty clearly outline the motive—should decide whether such a clause in a will is selfish and exacting or protective and proper. If, for instance, a man dies possessed of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars and has four or five children, it is naturally enough his aim to keep his family together and to give them the presiding influence of a mother. The interest accruing from so small a property is barely enough to keep a little family together. Take

that he cares most for. If she be beautiful the average man, particularly the jealous man, is determined that her beauty shall shine for no one but himself, that her smiles shall be for no one but the miserable little runt she has married. He does not feel called upon to be especially good to her himself but he is determined that nobody else shall be permitted to make her life pleasant, and when he dies he takes good care that if she marries again it shall be at her own risk and that every souvenir of her husband's competence, or love, or forethought shall be cut off. That kind of a man is underserving of the respect of his fellows. He might just as well, if he is possessed of a large farm, or a beautiful garden, or a magnificent house, decree in his will that so long as the world shall last that farm shall be idle, the garden filled with weeds and the house empty in order that someone may speak of the meanness of his soul and the insane selfishness of his will. After a man dies he has no right to claim possession of anything or to arrange that others who merit his love and confidence may be dispossessed of it. If it is necessary for the good of his children he may bequeath all that he leaves, to them. In case his widow marries again, but to take especial pains for selfishness' sake to debar his wife from enjoying her life is without doubt the climax of masculine greed.

who are too absorbed in their business. What is he after? Perhaps if it be the pursuit of fame he knows that he shall be dead before the laurel wreath is his, but he thinks that his children may always appropriate a leaf or two of it. If it be money he is after, it is to make the wife and babies comfortable should he be taken away. I imagine there is a vast amount of tenderness concealed in the commercial ambitions of men. We meet them every day in business and think they are hard and cruel, yet almost every dollar is seized and put away for some loved one. That such a course is wise is evidently open to dispute. The happiness that a man gives to those whom he loves while he is alive shall be remembered longer than his dollars can be of any use. The little trips, the happy days, the companionship will do more to keep his memory green than thousands of dollars left to his loved ones after he is dead. Yet while men are mistaken we should not forget the motive, that great dominating idea which sometimes makes a woman as fierce as a lioness in defence of her offspring, that makes a man a drudge all his life that he may keep the wolf away from the door after he is gone. He may endure the taunts of his fellows as a mean man; they may call him close-fisted and unlovable because he is uncompanionable and frugal, yet the basis of his conduct, the corner-stone of all the superstructure he tries to raise in life may be the love he bears somebody.

It is a great mistake; it is a common mistake; it is a cheap and unhappy mistake, for the leaving of money outside of the small sum necessary to keep one's widow and children from the temptations which absolute poverty brings, is a source of more misery and leaves one's loved ones a prey to more dangers than anything else possibly could do. A wise man has said, "Let me leave my family safe from the temptation of either poverty or riches." That is all men should try to do. Trying to do anything else is the folly that forces men to be hard and cold and cruel to their fellows, makes them strangers at home and removes them far, far away from the lovely heaven of peace and good-doing. If we only knew why men are as they are, how much more lenient we would be in our judgment of them! If men only were as they should be, how much more kindly would be their sayings, how much more gentle their doings, how much happier their families and friends would be. However, it is very little use moralizing. Since the world began men have followed the bent of their ambition, and the old rule will prevail that it matters not what happens so long as it does not happen to me or to mine. Yet this is the source of their misery, their greatest mistake, the means of reaching their weak point. Or if so be, they are so hard and bright that the waves of the world after beating upon them recede wounded and disappointed, when they die they endeavor to perpetuate the condition of things that they found profitable in life, and almost invariably those they leave behind them and the world generally conspire to defeat their purpose.

After we were through discussing the "will" question and we got back to the question of motive, I asked my legal friend if on her death-bed his wife asked him to promise that he would never marry again, what he would say. He looked at me for a moment and answered, "I should say 'No, I will not promise.'" If there be a supreme selfishness, a dominating, undying selfishness, a selfishness which is supreme even at the moment of dissolution, it is apt to be found in the heart of one who would ask such a promise. The hour when such a promise is demanded, the surroundings, the dreadful thought of separation, the fears with which we all regard the voyage over the unfathomed river and the unseen thither shore, make it very difficult indeed for either man or woman to refuse a pledge. All the world seems wrapped up in the one who is going away. Into the heart of the man or the woman who makes the promise enters at the moment no thought of the lonesome to-morrow, of the possibilities of some other tenderness growing into the life so sadly bereft. It is indeed a moment of weakness, but it should not be a moment of selfishness. It is not a time when either religious constraints, social pledges or anything extending beyond the period of gloom should be made binding. A man or woman who is sincerely loved and has been loved should be relied upon to cherish a dear memory and endeavor to show to the departed spirit and to the world the same fidelity which makes proud the husband and is the crown of a woman's life. That such pledges are exacted, that in the despairful clinging of the departing life to this world and its joys and hopes, loving arms are sometimes thrown about the neck of a weeping husband or wife and such a promise exacted just as the spirit is passing over the Divide, is a proof only that even when the ties of earth are most loosened and the spirit should be most separated from the clay which encumbers it, the overpowering egotism of the human being makes an excuse of its love to perhaps shroud a life with darkness that otherwise some gentle hand might lift.

And I think, too, that the man or woman who gives such a pledge will feel more lonesome than the one who does not. The very chains which dying love thus fastens about us are apt to be as irksome as those with which the tyrant may confine a prisoner. If those who truly love and have been loved cannot find a beauty in fidelity and a

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LAURA SCHIRMER-MAPLESON.

and free to resist improper advances from designing members of council so long as he can be dismissed by that council on any flimsy pretext. Dr. Sheard is at the mercy of those who waylaid his predecessor, and he knows very well that it is more important to be hand-and-glove with the Mayor and his friends than to do good book-keeping. He must truckle or lose his position in a year or two at the outside. The electors should realize this and not hold shivering officers responsible for the misdeeds of an administration that rules over them.

MACK.

A lawyer in whom many private and great public trusts are reposed, was talking to me the other day about the queer phases of character noticeable amongst those who seek legal assistance in making a will. "I think the meanest man of the lot, the most over-cautious and selfish man of the lot, is the one who instructs me to leave a certain amount to his widow with a clause taking it away from her if she marries again. I think it is contemptibly mean for a man to try to dictate how somebody else shall live after he is dead. Probably the wife did as much as he did towards saving the money and a share of it is rightfully hers." I took issue with this sweeping view of all those men who do leaving so much money to their widow as long as she remains a widow. In the first place, no rule can apply to everybody; no two men making a will are in exactly the same con-

away from that which by right of dower does not already belong to the widow, and the children are at the mercy, more or less, of a step-father. Her little property, too, is at his mercy, for if she likes him well enough to marry him she will probably like him well enough to sign away her interest in moneys which should be preserved to her children. If the property be greater she is apt to become the prey of a mere fortune-hunter, and under no circumstances is it a kindness to leave her possessed of more than is actually necessary to ensure her comfortable maintenance during the balance of her days; and if it be left in such a way that no designing fortune-hunter can obtain possession of it, so much the better for her. I think I am paying a compliment to the goodness of a woman's heart when I admit this. I think I am only stating the truth about the carelessness of a man's heart when I admit that he is apt to use all his influence over his wife to obtain possession of her money. Remembering these two considerations, I do not think the fair sex have any reason to quarrel with the conclusion at which I have arrived.

If, however, a man dies possessed of plenty of money and few or no children, and endeavors by some clause in his will to make his wife live lonely and sad and covered with crease for the balance of her days, in order to gratify a selfish whim, he is a mean fellow. About nothing is a man so selfish as about the woman

However, these are thoughts that come only to those who have something to leave beside their blessing. How few of us have anything else. Yet many of men's worries are owing to the thought of what shall become of the wife and babies. There are more men slaving to-day on the farm and in the counting-room and factory in order to leave someone something, than there are men who really want money for money's sake or for the pleasure of spending it. Wives seldom know that the economies enforced by husbands are necessary to the business which is just climbing the hill. The business man may know that on the other side of the hill there is nothing but a grave for himself, with only forty or forty-five years to be marked on the tombstone, but he is determined to leave his family a competence. Indeed, the serio-comic jest amongst commercial travelers and business men who have to hustle around amongst their fellows, if you are detaining them in a club or chatting after dinner, is, "Well, this won't make anything for the wife and babies; I must get a move on me." The majority of men feel that they can take care of themselves. A man can be reasonably happy as a tramp, providing he has no encumbrances, so called, though the wife or child is not held by any good man to be an encumbrance. They feel that the wife and family constitute their great responsibility, and an appreciation of this may perhaps soften the hearts of some women who think unkindly, at least reproachfully, of men



# The Devil and Tom Walker.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

A few miles from Boston in Massachusetts there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass.

On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size.

Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great treasure buried by Kidd the pirate.

The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill; the elevation of the place permitted a good lookout to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again.

The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill-gotten. But that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth, being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time that earthquakes were prevalent in New England and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meagre, miserly fellow, of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on, she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property.

They lived in a forlorn-looking house that stood alone, and had an air of starvation. A few straggling sallow trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveler stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field, where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of puddling-stones, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine.

The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall, brawny, fierce-looking woman, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them. The lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing, eyed the den of discord askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homeward, through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the evils of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black, smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog and the water-snake, where the trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half-drowned, half-rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest, stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees, startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a firm piece of ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp.

It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort, which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the old Indian fort but a few embankments, gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening when Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there a while to rest himself. Anyone else would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars, when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind. He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking-staff into a mound of black mould at his feet.

Unconsciously turning up the soil, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave it a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him, on the

stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen anyone approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in a rude half-Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper-colored, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds!" said Tom, with a sneer. "No more your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d—d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to those of his neighbors. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody, an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driving shrewd bargains with the Indians.

He now looked around, and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who had made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the wild huntsman in some countries; the black miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the black woodsman. I am he to whom the red men consecrated this spot, and in honor of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great patron and promoter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is that, if I mistake not," said Tom, "you are commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man, with a half-civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a mercantile wife that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together as Tom returned homeward. The black man told him of great sums of money buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as were propitiated by his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him, but they were to be had only on certain conditions.

What these conditions were may be easily surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles when money was in view.

When they reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.

"There's my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on, until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger, burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Abalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "A great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares?" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence, but as this was an uneasy secret he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused, out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked, the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her.

At length she determined to drive the bar-

gain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself. Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the Indian fort toward the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back, she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man, whom she had met about twilight hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was swarthy, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons, and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts which have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp, and sank into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province, while others surmised that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man, with an axe on his shoulder, was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a checked apron, with an air of sly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bitter alone responded to his voice, as it flew screaming by, or the bull frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool.

At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows hovering about a cypress tree. He looked up, and beheld a bundle tied in a checked apron, hanging in the branches of the tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consoling to himself, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the checked apron, but, woeful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to this most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband, but, though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however, for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and found handfuls of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property, with the loss of his wife, for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude toward the black woodsman, who, he considered, had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black-legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodsman's dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the swamp and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advances with indifference, made brief replies and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors, but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave-ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; he was bad enough in all conscience, but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave trader.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed, instead, that he should turn usurer, the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent. a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchants to bankruptcy—"

"I'll drive them to the d—l," cried Tom Walker.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said

black legs with delight. "When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said Tom Walker. So they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting-house in Boston.

Tom's reputation for a ready moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the time of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills, the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements, for building cities in the wilderness; land jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, everyone driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and acted like a "friend in need;" that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages, gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer, and sent them at length, dry as a sponge, from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; he became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon "Change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation, but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished, out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fulness of his vainglory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screamed on the axle-trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadily traveling Zionward, were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religion as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censor of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists.

In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles in the book, to mark the place, *Continued on Page Three.*

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The Ladies' Pictorial "Queen" "Lady" "Le Bon Ton" "Season" "Toilet's"

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ATHLETE AND DERBY CIGARETTES

The Sweetest of the Sweet The Purest of the Pure The Best

D. RITCHIE & CO. MONTREAL

A FABLE

In the Golden Era there lived a HARD HEADED family in a mighty big stone house, and in the same town there were countless shoe stores, some large and some small. Of these it was said "they lacked snap, save one." The Hard-Headed family, however, continued in the old ruts, buying from the wayback stores, and were comfortably getting away with a boneless cow when the stone house fell on them and at last they tumbled—to the fact that McPherson stood on top of the heap for style, comfort, fit and cheapness.

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## Pretty Conceits.

**P**ICTURESQUENESS in every detail of the toilet is the distinguishing feature of this season's fashions; and so marked is this that no prescient eye is required to predict that when the history of this century's modes is written the present will be considered an epoch of great artistic beauty. The chroniclers may prate learnedly of Empire, Directoire, Restoration, and Victorian eras, and the fashions of 1830, but the careful student of the costume plates of those days knows well that exact reproductions of them are exceptional, while the generally accepted modes are adaptations and minglings of various periods, producing a charming whole which has not been approached in beauty and comfort in many a decade.

Contrary to the usual dictum that spring is always the season seized for the introduction of new styles, Dame Fashion is now resting upon her laurels, and deigns to allow her votaries another six months' enjoyment of the present universally becoming modes. But while asserting that there is nothing radically new, the fact must be emphasized that there is abundance of novelty, arising from the multitude of ingenious adaptations from the various sources which give the keynote to the whole.

In the matter of the present burning question of the skirt, on inspection of leading models of home and foreign make it is found that the following imperative rule governs the cut of all: A little fullness across the front and hips, more in the back, and a great expansion at the foot. To achieve this effect, skirts are cut in every way that ingenuity or caprice can devise. Many of them are umbrella shape; others are half circles—narrow silks as well as wide cloths are made in this way; some have a bias seam in front, and a straight, whole breadth behind; others, a bias seam in the middle of the back; still others are made of innumerable gored breadths—they might better be called "pieces"—no more than eleven inches in width at the bottom. But the caprice of caprices is cut out of two circles, one joined to the bottom of the other. Sometimes two contrasting materials are used for this, and sometimes only one; in the latter case the joining must be covered with a band of trimming. This band coming about the height of the knee is a reminder of the Spanish flounce, but the lower circle is set on without fullness.

Where the very narrow gores are used, the seams are often covered with a narrow vine of embroidery or jetted passementerie, or a full ruche of lace runs up for a half-yard from the bottom and is finished with a rosette; with this latter garniture there is no trimming around the bottom of the skirt. Though wider flounces are predicted, none are yet seen except an occasional one of lace on evening gowns. Narrow ruffles, confined to the bottom of the skirt, are still the favorite trimming. Upon the spring woollens, many rows of narrow braids and Persian gimps and velvet ribbon in graduated widths will be the popular trimming. A gown of rich silk and wool represents green and black—is trimmed around the bottom with fifteen rows of half-inch velvet ribbons, black and green alternating, and the revers and huge sleeve puffs are of green velvet.

The Persian gimps are a half inch wide, all silk, and have a narrow corded edge of plain color to match various fabrics; many shades of stone-color, brown, tan, blue and green are shown, as well as black. Dozens of yards will be lavished upon a single gown. All new trimmings show band and inserting effects. Those of beads, iridescent as well as jet, are especially attractive, and will be much used.

Many showy little jackets are shown of jet, of silk passementerie, and of finest fancy mohair braids, wrought in artistic patterns. In silk passementerie jackets there is a variety of colors, as tan, navy blue, brown and stone-color; but black is the best choice, as it can be worn with different gowns. The highest novelty for the corsage is the Josephine collar; it has a wide band crossing the bust, and also the back between the shoulders, defining a low, square neck, and passes over the shoulders in wide, flaring epaulettes. It is a very elegant garment, and is especially adapted, as its name implies, to the Empire gown, though it will form a sumptuous garniture for any corsage. These are shown in brilliantly cut jet, in the fascinating iridescent beads showing the colors of all precious stones, in steel, and in silk passementerie.

I can tell a smart woman by the sort of stationery she uses. For example: She never permits any perfume about her notes and letters, and a medium size of white or pale gray paper with square envelopes is her preference. When in first mourning, let us say for her husband, the band of black on envelopes, sheets and cards, is just one-fourth of an inch wide. It remains that width for eight months, then, month by month, it slowly narrows. In the fourteenth month she begins to use a dull, cold, gray, rough linen-paper; then she softly slips into faint lavender, heliotrope, violet, and then pure white. All this time she uses wax that exactly matches the tinting of the paper, and until a second marriage brightens her life the name and address stamped on all her paper, no matter of what color it may be, is done in dull black lettering. It is the delicate badge of widowhood comprehensible to the initiated.

By the use of a softly folded girdle, a basque may be easily remodeled into a fashionable corsage. Cut the basque off round at the waist line and finish in the usual way. For the girdle take a bias strip of velvet, soft silk, or the dress material, seven inches wide and long enough to reach around the waist and hook. Gather or plait this at the ends to bring it into four inches, bind, and finish with hooks and eyes. In front, tack the folds lightly to a whale-bone placed across the inside. For the rosette, a bias strip one yard and five eighths long and five and a half inches wide is required. Double this length-wise, gather, and arrange in an elongated shape.

A pretty Easter bonnet is an Empire poke of

mauve chip, with soft crown of mauve velvet, and trimming of twilled silk of lighter shade. An algerette and ostrich feathers of the two shades, and a half-wreath of English violets inside the brim, complete the trimming.

LA MODE.

## Individualities.

Ruskin is a devoted chess-player.

Annie Pixley is one of the heaviest taxpayers in Philadelphia.

Miss Fanny Mitchell of Athens, Ga., is writing a history of Athens in the Civil War.

Pundita Ramabai has started a circle of King's Daughters among her pupils in India.

Rev. F. E. Clark, the originator and president of the Christian Endeavor movement, is a Canadian by birth.

A bronze monument of William Lloyd Garrison, of colossal size, is to be unveiled at Newburyport, next Fourth of July.

A toast given at a recent meeting of a woman's club in Springfield, Missouri, was "The men we left behind us."

Miss Mary J. Cassatt is painting one of the enormous panels ordered by Mrs. Potter Palmer for the decoration of the Gallery of Honor in the Woman's Building, Chicago.

Miss Mabel McElheny has won a prize of \$200 offered for the best tariff essay. The judges were Governor McKinley and Senators Aldrich and Hiseock. Miss McElheny is a newspaper writer.

It is said that the engraved stones and monuments of the British Museum prove that woman's dress and headgear are almost precisely the same as those of the woman of Babylon at the time of the flood.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins, of San Francisco, has decided to bestow \$50,000 and nineteen acres of land upon the academy in that city which bears the Hopkins name. There is a theological seminary connected with the institution.

Miss Louise Aldrich Blake, eldest daughter of a Herefordshire (England) clergyman, has just achieved the highest distinction as a student in medicine ever won by a woman. She has taken a "double first" in the examinations at the London University.

Queen Victoria loans from her private collection at Windsor Castle Leonardo da Vinci's original drawing of the first map of America. It will be in the collection of Columbiana at the Exposition, which will be placed in the reproduced convent of La Rabida, near the Agricultural Building.

The czar was forty-eight years old on March 10, and he was on the Russian throne twelve years on March 14. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent valuable birthday presents by the messenger who went to St. Petersburg with a birthday present from the Queen to the Emperor Alexander III.

Some captious critics have been heard to say that since Swinburne the poet has become a teetotaler his rhymes have not been so good, and this, indeed, may be so; but the health of the author of *Atlanta in Calydon* has certainly benefited by the change from fine champagne to young hyson.

A New York woman of fashion recently gave a dog-party for her favorite Japanese poodle. Over twenty dogs responded to the handsomely engraved invitations, and a feast of chicken, game, wafers and ice cream was modestly eaten by the petted darlings. The favors were Japanese rattles and rubber balls with a squeak in them.

An odd mistake, sometimes made by people who ought to know better, is that of describing Queen Victoria's eldest daughter as the ex-Empress Frederick, as though Her Teutonic Majesty were some dethroned and exiled Sovereign. It is correct enough to speak of the ex-Empress Eugenie, the ex-King and ex-Queen of Naples, the ex-King of Servia, and so on; but the correct style and title of the Princess Royal, as given by herself, is Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany and Queen of Prussia.

The Duchesse de Valence has just given what is called a *diner blanc*, in honor of the visit of her great-nieces, Miles, Renee and Paule de Tristram. Her Grace allowed these young ladies to invite eighteen of their young friends of their own sex to a little banquet at her house. All the fair convives sat down to table with powdered hair, but they wore whatever colors pleased them for their dresses, the gay hues of their pretty girlish costumes contrasting charmingly with the pure white of everything else about them.

## The Devil and Tom Walker.

Continued from Page Two.

while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that, fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down, in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it.

One hot summer afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house, in his white linen cap and India silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he professed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown taut and irritated, and refused another day. "My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber. "Charity begins at home," replied Tom; "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety. "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for," said the black fellow gruffly.

Tom shrank back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose; never was sinner taken more unawares.

The black man whisked him like a child into the saddle, gave the horse a lash, and away he galloped with Tom on his back, in the midst of the thunder storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears, and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets, his white cap bobbing up and down, his morning gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound.

When the clerks turned to look for the black man, he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman, who lived on the border of the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder-gust he heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and running to the window caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over hills and down into the black hemlock swamp toward the old Indian fort, and that shortly after, a thunder-bolt falling in that direction seemed to set the forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees, whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and the old Indian fort are often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in morning gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, so prevalent throughout New England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."



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Ladies desiring their hair dressed for the "BALL POUDEE" (April 5) are kindly requested to make their appointments at once, as we only have a limited number. Those not having made appointments will only be served per chance. We will not be responsible for disappointment and loss of time. Those ladies desiring Wigs for that occasion are also requested to secure them at once.  
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Hair ornaments of all kinds. Prices low.

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## Out of Town.

## Belleville



LD Orchard, the delightful residence of Mr. David Price, was prettily decorated on Friday of last week, when Miss Price entertained a large number of friends from four to seven. The house was decorated most artistically with banks of flowers and ferns, while softly shaded lamps shed a delightful radiance on the throngs of youthful faces which crowded Miss Price's drawing-rooms. Mrs. Price wore a handsome gown of black silk with lace and jet trimmings. Miss Price was daintily gowned in cream with lace and flower trimmings. Among those present were: Trenton: Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Molson, Mr. and the Misses Evans, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, Miss Hawley and Miss Whittier; Campbellford: Mrs. and Miss Mallory; Belleville: Mrs. Robt. Caldwell, Miss Phippen, Miss Graham, Miss Clarke, Miss Clute, Miss Falkner, Mrs. Daw, Mrs. T. S. Clarke, Miss Starling, the Misses Stinson, Miss Haines, Miss Hawthorne, Mrs. Benmore, Mrs. Lunders, Miss Thompson, Miss Ella Lingham, Miss Carmichael, Miss Foster, Mrs. Edgar Foster, Miss May Clarke, Miss Booth, Miss Minnie Jones, Misses Clara and Annie Wallbridge, Miss Walker, the Misses Wilson, Mrs. Jas. Caldwell, Miss Holton, Miss Yeomans, Miss Blackwell of Lindsay, Miss Stanton, Miss Hamilton, Miss Frost, Mrs. and Miss Brignall, Miss Moynes, Miss Kathleen Bell, Mrs. W. Jones, Misses Keown and Brewer of Tacoma, Misses Ada and Stella Taylor, Miss Patterson of Texas, Mrs. Albert Campton, Miss Hulme, the Misses Coleman, Miss Maybee, Mrs. Geo. Thompson, Mrs. W. E. Thompson, Mrs. Pole, Mrs. and Miss Denmark, Miss Hogg, Miss Buck, Mrs. Templeton, Mrs. Dian, Miss Watson, Miss McLean, the Misses Davy, Miss Hunter, Mrs. Flower, Mrs. Chas. R. Id, Mrs. Fred Lingham, Miss Lingham, Mrs. (Dr.) Farley, and Mrs. (Dr.) Peters.

Miss Stella Appleby, who has just returned from Mount Pleasant, Mich., entertained a few friends on Tuesday evening. Owing to Miss Price's large At Home on Friday afternoon there was not as large an attendance at Mrs. Caldwell's reunion as there otherwise would have been. On Thursday evening Miss Ida Starling entertained the Young Ladies' Pedro Club at her residence on Queen street. With a gracious hostess, delightful playing, excellent music and a dainty collation the time passed all too quickly for the happy guests. Among those present were: Misses Davy, Wilson, Pearson, Wallbridge, Elliott, and Messrs. McCaulay, Roberts, Wallbridge, Thomas, and D. McColl. Miss Stinson has returned home after a two months' visit with Miss Jean White of Woodstock.

Mrs. Pattullo and Mrs. Casey of Woodstock are the guests of their brother, Mr. W. H. Biggar, M.P.

Mrs. Harry Corby, wife of our popular member of Parliament, attended the At Home of Knox College, Toronto. Miss Charlotte Hawthorne gave a small but pretty card party on Wednesday evening. Mr. Nevin Doyle, one of Canada's most delightful poets, gave two solos at St. Patrick's concert, which fully maintained his reputation as Belleville's finest baritone. At the Sons of England concert on Friday evening Messrs. Hulme and Fairman rendered national solos in their usual happy styles, while Master Stanley Tammsedge sang Sweet Nellie Bawn in a way which was simply remarkable for one of his tender years. The many friends of Mr. Arthur Porter will regret to hear of his early departure from our city to Brockville, where he will manage Mr. Gough's large clothing store. BETSEY.

## St. Catharines.

I have been told to announce that the Fortnightly Club intend giving an entertainment in aid of the Tennis Club on Thursday evening, April 13. One of the principal features will be a tambourine drill in costume. This promises to be one of the prettiest sights ever seen in our city. Our well known amateur actors, Miss Margaret Larkin, Miss Mack, and Messrs. Groves, Coy and Albany Moore take prominent parts in the pretty farce, In Cupid's Camp. This programme, with the addition of a few solos, tableaux and recitations, will end with a scene from the favorite opera *Ermine*, also in costume. We have no fears but that the entertainment will be a grand success. The Misses Mack gave an informal afternoon tea to the members of the Fortnightly Club on Wednesday, March 8.

A very pleasant afternoon tea was given by Miss Edith Burton on Thursday, March 9. Miss Coy, Miss Fenton of Cleveland, Miss Bate, Miss Nay, Miss Holmes, Miss McLaren, Miss McGuire, Miss Neelon, Miss King, the Misses Mack, Miss M. Larkin, Miss L. McCallum, Miss C. Chaplin and Miss Macgregor were among those present.

Mrs. J. P. Merritt entertained a few friends on Friday afternoon, March 10. A few present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Williams, Mrs. Lving of Toronto, Mrs. H. Ingersoll, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Platt, Miss Nay, Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Miss Benson, Mr. G. McClean, Mr. Stuart, Mrs. Armitage, Miss M. Souter of Toronto, the Misses Mack, Miss Florence Ingersoll and others.

Mrs. Armitage gave a very enjoyable "small and early" on Thursday evening, March 9, for her friend, Miss Maggie Souter, a fair visitor from Toronto.

Miss Maggie Ross is the guest of Mrs. Alfred Woodruff of King street.

Mrs. Welland Woodruff's thimble party on Tuesday afternoon, March 14, was a great suc-

cess. Over a dozen young ladies worked industriously from three until five, and great was the excitement when Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Price arrived to judge the needlework and award the prizes. Of course I promised I would not tell who received them out of consideration to the poor "Booby," but will leave you to guess. Among those present were: Mrs. Alfred Woodruff, Miss Ross, Miss Rykert, Miss Atkinson, Miss King, Miss Bate, the Misses Larkin, Miss Pessie Clark and the Misses Mack.

Miss Bessie McLaren entertained the members of the Fortnightly Club on Wednesday afternoon, March 22.

## Hamilton.

Mrs. Markscheffel of Toledo is the guest of Mrs. Wanser.

Mrs. J. D. Hay of Toronto was in town last week.

Misses B. O'Reilly and Edith Ramsay have returned from Toronto.

Miss Clark of Sarnia is the guest of Mrs. Rankin of Homewood avenue.

Mrs. F. Mackelcan is visiting in Kingston. Messrs. Richard Martin and F. R. Smith have returned from their trip to the sunny South.

Miss Eva Watson, who has been in Toronto for the last month, is home again.

Miss Sanford and her father, Senator Sanford, left on a tour South.

Judge and Mrs. Senkler of St. Catharines were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Malloch.

Mrs. Gunn gave a small evening last Saturday for Miss Tiffany. Among those present were: Miss Ambrose, Miss Lucas, Miss Martin, Miss Barker, Miss Mason, Miss Pringle, and Miss Greentree.

Miss Leggat's whist party was quite a success. Among those present were: Miss Roach, Miss Lottridge, Miss Lving of Toronto, Miss Mills, Miss Gillies, Miss Watson, Miss Eva Watson, Miss Hobson, Miss Gartshore, the Misses Hendrie, Mrs. Archie Martin, Miss Chapman, Miss Harvey, Miss McDonald, and Miss Gartshore, and Messrs. Murray, Hendrie, Ferrier, Martin, Osborne, Gates, Gillespie, Gartshore, Dr. Rust and others.

Mrs. Lottridge, Blackantan, gave a luncheon on Thursday, the tables being covered with pink surah puffed down the center with roses. Among those present were: Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. H. Fuller, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Charlton, Mrs. Beddoe, Mrs. Crerar, Mrs. Gartshore, Miss Louie Brown, and Miss Grant. Miss Maud Lottridge assisted her mother.

The first wedding of the season took place on Wednesday of last week, when Miss Mac Donald and Mr. Randolph Rush of Trinidad were made one. Mrs. MacDonald, the mother of the bride, wore a gown of black silk and carried a beautiful bouquet of violets. The Misses MacDonald wore smart tweed gowns which were much admired; Mrs. Walter MacDonald wore black silk; Mrs. Gibson's gown was of mordore brown whicord silk with lace; Miss Ethel Ambrose was beautiful in black with a picture hat of white roses; Mrs. Leggat wore black velvet and silk, and Mrs. Hendrie looked well in a striped silk with mauve cape. Mrs. Malloch gave a reception on Monday for Miss Mac Donald, about one hundred being present. REX.

## Stratford

One of the most delightful At Homes of the season was given at the hospitable residence of Mr. Tyndall Dafton on Thursday evening of last week. The whole of that beautifully decorated and superbly furnished house was thrown open for the entertainment of the guests, and after the usual preliminaries of society gossip and exchanging of compliments were over, separate rooms were set apart for different games. One might go to one room and play euchre, to another and dance; to another where progressive euchre held the fort, and still others where one might pass a few pleasant moments in conversation and indulge in the entire list of harmless amusements that go to help pass an enjoyable evening. The following is a list of the honored: Ex-Mayor and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Powell, Dr. and Mrs. Ahrens, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Ledley, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Scarff, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dingman, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dafton, Mr. and Mrs. John Neill, Mrs. Struthers, and Misses Shannon, Ray Pritchard, M. Phillips, Jessie Brown, Mary Craib, Alice Smith, Clara Smith, Minnie I. Mills, Agnes Anderson, Dilla Jones, Aggie Harvey, Jean Fraser, Murray, Belle McKnight, Laura McDonald, Maggie McDowell, Bean, and Gilpin of St. Mary's, and Messrs. E. B. Hawke, George Kay, Harry Orr, Lewis Willson, R. M. Cassell, L. H. Dingman, A. M. Kay, J. Hossie, P. McIntosh, and Hamis of St. Mary's.

## Berlin

Mrs. J. Hespeler entertained a few friends very pleasantly last Wednesday evening. Among those invited were: Dr. Herbert Bowlby, Mrs. Bowlby, Miss Grace Bowlby, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoffman, Miss Bella King, Miss Florence Ross, Miss Seagram, Miss Breithaupt, and Miss Troop, and Messrs. E. Carl Breithaupt, George Randall, Wand, Lay, and Coulson.

Mrs. W. C. J. King gave another of her enjoyable At Homes on Thursday evening. Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. John Fennell, the Misses Fennell, Mr. and Mrs. N. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Miss Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoffman, Dr. and Mrs. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Van Camp, and Miss Pearson, and Messrs. Wand, Henderson, Woods, and others.

On Friday evening last, Mrs. C. E. Hoffman gave a card party for Miss Troop of Halifax. Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Hespeler, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Miller, Dr. Herbert Bowlby, Miss Bowlby, Miss Olive Hoffman, Miss Seagram, Miss Clay Simpson, Miss Troop, Miss S. Suley, and Miss Breithaupt, and Messrs. Carl Breithaupt, Adolph Mueller, Milne, F. G. Millar, G. M. Rose, and Wand.

Great preparations are being made for the Bachelors' Ball to be held on April 7. It promises to be a splendid affair. The following ladies have consented to lend their presence:

and aid as patronesses: Mrs. D. S. Bowlby, Mrs. Jas. Gibson, Mrs. J. Hespeler, Mrs. H. Kranz, Mrs. H. G. Lackner, Mrs. M. Mylins, Mrs. W. Ross, Mrs. J. E. Saagram, Mrs. W. R. Travers, Mrs. J. H. Webb, Mr. Edwin Huber is hon. secretary and Dr. Herbert Bowlby, treasurer.

Mrs. H. J. Bowman is visiting friends in Toronto and Hamilton.

Mrs. G. M. Wedd of Parkhill and Miss Brotherhood of Stratford are the guests of Mrs. John Fennell.

Miss King is visiting her brother, Mr. W. C. J. King, manager of the Bank of Commerce.

Mrs. Thos. Workman of Ottawa is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Van Camp.

Mrs. C. E. Hoffman has gone to Toronto for a three weeks' visit.

Rev. John Downie of Watford was in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Rogers of Cayuga spent a short time with Mrs. T. Turnbull.

Mr. R. M. Jaffray of the Chicago Referee paid a brief visit to his father, Postmaster Jaffray, this week.

Mrs. John Hoffman entertained a number of friends on Thursday evening with cards and dancing. CECILIA.

## Port Hope.

His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Burnham entertained a large company of friends at dinner on Thursday evening of last week at Danborton Hall. Their spacious residence was artistically decorated for the occasion and during the evening presented a gay and picturesque scene. The extensive conservatory was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, which threw a soft and fascinating shade over the rare and fragrant flowers. The Mayor and Mrs. Burnham were assisted in receiving their guests by their charming daughter, Miss Fiona Burnham.

Mrs. Burnham wore a rich gown of black velvet and old gold, and Miss Burnham looked lovely attired in a pretty gown of camellion silk. Among the numerous guests we noticed: His Honor Judge Benson and Mrs. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Hosford, Mr. and Mrs. Renwick, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Smith, Col. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Furby, Mrs. Henshaw, Mr. John Smart, Dr. and Mrs. Powers and many others. Mrs. Benson wore black satin *en traine* with pearl ornaments; Mrs. Renwick, gray silk and black lace; Mrs. Hosford, black satin *en traine*; Mrs. S. S. Smith, old gold bengaline; Mrs. Furby, black silk; and Mrs. Powers, black silk and lace. The dinner was perfect in every detail and served in that style which characterizes Mrs. Burnham's entertainments. The guests greatly enjoyed the occasion. FRANCIS.

## St. Thomas.

Very pleased we all are to see Mrs. A. Ermatinger home and looking more like herself again. We hope her trip east was an enjoyable one.

Mr. Atherton, formerly of the Ideal Manufacturing Company here, has just returned from a three months' trip to England, and looks hearty enough after his sea voyage. We regret, however, his contemplated move to the Western States, for we will miss him very much in social circles.

We have had two hockey matches since I last wrote you, entitled Banks v. City. Each side won one match, and we are anxious for more ice to decide the supremacy. Banks—Macdonald, Arkell, Mann, Read, Forbes, Weldon, Vandusen. City—W. Belcher, R. Belcher, Woodward, Hoskin, Burns, Price, Packenton.

Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, was here recently under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias, an institution that deserves to gain in membership, being organized on a solid basis, with good officers. The entertainment of Mr. Wilder himself was very good, as also was the bell-ringing by Miss Woolsey. I did not care much for the rest.

Mr. J. S. Robertson gave a very enjoyable whist and smoke the other evening, and we had a jolly time. The best players were there, and, I noticed particularly, always agreed upon how each hand should have been played, with the customary "if" thrown in. Messrs. Glenn, McLean, Brierley, Stewart, Lockwood, Doherty, Skinner, and others were present.

Pinafore is to be given early next month and you may depend upon its being good. Mr. J. H. Jones, organist of Trinity church, is known all over the province for his musical ability, and it will be under his direction.

The Rectory of Trinity church is to be soon demolished, and a handsome residence built for the present incumbent, Rev. Canon Hill. It is time this was done.

I had one of the best literary treats experienced for years the other day, in going to hear Z. I. Sweeney, late United States Consul General at Constantinople, in his lecture, Going up to Jerusalem. His vivid picturing of the Atlantic trip, the historical scenes in the older countries, coupled with a grand peroration of fifteen minutes, made all present regret its termination. He comes of a very noted family, one of his brothers being a very noted writer. The Disciples' Church management are to be congratulated on giving those present a chance to hear so polished an orator.

Children's parties are taking the place of some of the more vicious forms of amusements during this season of the year, and we have to record that Mrs. McAdam had a very nice pinafore tea the other afternoon from four to six.

Lent does not prevent afternoon teas from being held. Mrs. Geo. T. Claris had a very pleasant one the other afternoon, at which there were no men. How fortunate! TOMMY.

## An Efficient Officer.

Scene: A Northern Town. Inquisitive Stranger (to constable)—I understand that the measles broke out here recently. Constable (proudly)—Yes; but our head constable caught 'em.

## Why She Loved Them.

"I loves my enemies," said little Anne. "They gives me a chance to say such horrid things about 'em."

## A Sufferer.

Visitor (in New York hospital)—What is that man taking so for? He must be in terrible pain. Is he going to die? Nurse—No, indeed. He is one of the surgeons suffering from a slight headache.

## NEW SPRING CARPETS

SEASON, 1893.

Elegant new designs with rich colorings are still continuing to arrive daily. No expense has been spared to make our stock the MOST ATTRACTIVE and to put the BEST VALUES possible before the public this spring.

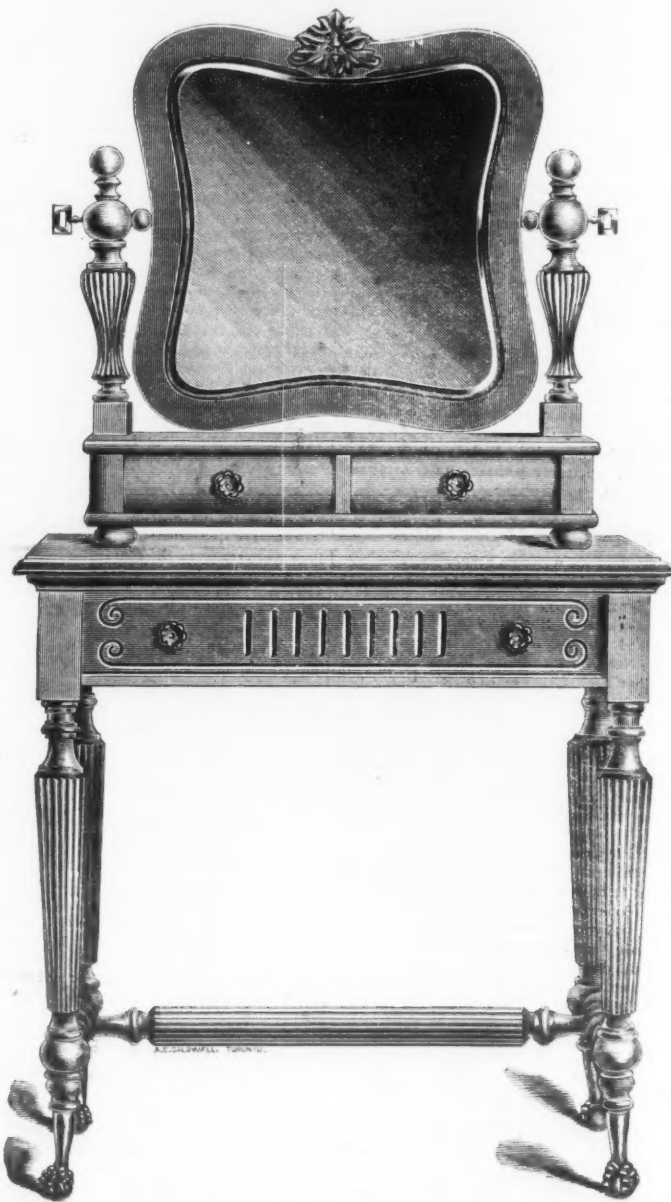
The LARGEST and BEST LIGHTED STORE in which to select carpets in Canada.

All carpets cut and made on the premises by our own workmen, under our own supervision.

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INSPECTION INVITED

THE LATEST FAD IN ART FURNITURE  
Price, \$13.75



The above shows our celebrated LADIES' TOILET TABLE. It is of Rosewood, polished finish, handsome fluted legs and brass feet with British bevel mirror. We are selling at the very low price of

**\$13.75**

You are cordially invited to inspect this the best value ever offered in Furniture in Canada.

**Toronto Furniture Supply Co.**

56 KING STREET WEST

(NEXT MAIL BUILDING)



Can you cut new bread—really new—into thin slices? You cannot with an ordinary knife. But with the wonderful

**Christy Bread Knife**

It is easier than cutting stale bread with any other knife.

Every house-keeper knows the difficulty of securing a serviceable bread knife. When bread is newly baked—still warm and soft—the ordinary bread knife will not cut it at all. The Christy Bread Knife will cut new bread in as thin slices as stale bread can be cut.

Our Knives are put up in sets containing BREAD, CAKE and PARING KNIVES, made of Finest (Triple-plated) Steel.

The SET OF THREE KNIVES sent (postpaid) for ONE DOLLAR.

CHRISTY KNIFE COMPANY, 30 WELLINGTON ST. EAST, TORONTO.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.



# All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and Weft," Etc., Etc.

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## CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"OF THE WEAK MY HEART IS WEAKEST."

Three nights afterwards she was lying calm as a child. The raging fever had gone down—the enfeebled constitution had at last answered to the influence of medicine; and gradually, like the slow lifting of the darkness after a long night of cloud and fog, reason and consciousness came back. Sleep soothed the strained and weary nerves, while the exhausted frame, which a few days before had seemed endowed with a superhuman strength, lay like a rag upon the bed of sickness.

Recovery was slow, but there was no relapse. Slow and gradual as the dawning of day to the tired watcher, after the long, blank night, there came the dawn of maternal love. The young mother began to take delight in her child; and it was rapture to Martin Disney to see her sitting under the tulip tree, in the low Madeira chair, with her baby in her lap. Allegra vied with her in devotion to that over-praised infant, while the Shah and Tim, sympathizing for the first time in their lives, were almost rapt with jealousy.

They all lived in the garden in that happy summer season, as they had done the year before, when Allegra first came among them. It was in the garden they received their visitors, and it was there that Mr. Colfox came at least thrice a week, upon the flimsiest pretexts of parish business, to drink tea poured out for him by Allegra's helpful hands, while Isola sat quietly by, listening to their talk, with her baby in her lap.

Allegra had taken kindly to parish work, and in Mr. Colfox's own phraseology was a tower of strength to him in his labors among the poor of Trelasco. She had started a series of mothers' meetings in the winter afternoons, and had read to the women and girls while they worked, helping them a good deal with their work into the bargain. She had done wonders at penny readings, singing, reciting, drawing lightning caricatures of local celebrities with a bit of chalk upon a black-board. Her portrait of Vanistart Crowther had been applauded to the echo, although it was not a flattering portrait. She had visited the sick, she had taught in the night school. The curate had been enthusiastic in his praise of her, to the scorn of the two Misses Crowther, each of whom at different periods had taken up these good works, only to drop them again after the briefest effort.

"She will get tired as soon as we did," said Alicia, "when she finds out how hopeless and impossible these creatures are—unless she has an ulterior motive."

"What ulterior motive should she have?" asked Colfox bluntly.

"Who can tell? She may want to get herself talked about. As Miss Leland, of the Angler's Nest, a sort of useful companion to her brother's wife, she is nobody. If she can get a reputation for piety and philanthropy, that will be better than nothing. Or she may be only angling for a husband."

"If you knew her as well as I do you would know that she is above all such trivial and self-seeking motives, and that she is good to these people because her heart has gone out to them."

"Ah, but you see we don't know her. Her brother has chosen to hold himself aloof from Glenavert; and I am very glad that he has done so—for more than one reason."

"If any of your reasons concern Miss Leland you are very much mistaken in under-rating her. You could not have had a more delightful companion," said Mr. Colfox, with some warmth.

"Oh, we all know that you have exalted her into a heroine—a St. John's Wood St. Helena. But she is a little too unconventional for my taste; though I certainly would rather be intimate with her than with her sister-in-law."

"Surely you have no fault to find with that most gentle creature?"

"She is just a little too gentle for my taste," replied Alicia, who usually took upon herself all expression of opinion, while Belinda fanned herself languidly, in an aesthetic attitude, feeling that her chief mission in this life was to sit still and look like *la belle dame sans merci*.

"She is just as much too quiet as Miss Leland is too boisterous. I never liked pensive young women who cast down their eyelids at the slightest provocation, and are only animated when they are flirting."

"The tongue is a little member," quoted Mr. Colfox, taking up his hat and holding out his hand in adieu.

He was very unceremonious to these fair young parishioners of his, and talked to them as freely as if he had been an old French Abbe in a country village. It is needless to say that they valued his opinion so much the more because he was so entirely unaffected by their wealth or their good looks. They were naturally aggrieved at his marked admiration for Miss Leland.

Those ripe months of harvest and vintage, July, August and September, passed like a blissful dream for Martin Disney. He had snatched his darling from the jaws of Death. He had her once more—fair to look upon, with sweet, smiling mouth and pensive eyes; and she was so tender and so loving to him, in fond gratitude for his devotion during her long malady, so seemingly happy in their mutual love for their child, that he forgot all those aching fears which had gnawed his heart while he sat by her pillow through the long, anxious nights—forgot that he had ever doubted her, or remembered his doubts only to laugh at himself as a morbid, jealous fool. Could he doubt her, who was candor and innocence personified? Could he think for an instant that all those sweet, loving ways and looks of hers which beautified his commonplace existence, were so much acting—and that her heart was not his? No! True love has an unmistakable

language, and true love spoke to him in every word and tone of his wife's.

The child was such a bond between them. Both lives were seemingly bound and entwined about this fragile life of Isola's first-born. Mr. Baynam had no reason now to complain of his patient's want of the maternal instinct. He had rather to expostulate and to restrain her in her devotion to the child. He had to reprove her for sleepless nights and morbid anxieties.

"Do you think your baby will grow any the faster or stronger for your lying awake half the night worrying yourself about him?" said the doctor, with his cheery bluntness. "He has a capital nurse—one of those excellent cow-women, who were specially created to rear other people's babies; and he has a doctor who is not quite a fool about infant maladies. Read your novels, Mrs. Disney, and keep up your good looks, or else twenty years hence you will hear your son apologizing for his mother's looking so much older than her age."

After giving his patient this advice, Mr. Baynam told his wife, in confidence, that were anything to happen to the little one Isola Disney would go off her head.

"I'm afraid she is sadly hysterical," replied Mrs. Baynam. "I am very fond of her, you know, Tom; but I have never been able to understand her. I can't make out a young woman who has a pretty house and an indulgent husband, and who never seems quite happy."

"Every woman can't have your genial disposition, Belle," answered the doctor admiringly. "Unbroken sunshine is the rarest thing in nature."

The early western harvest had been gathered in; upland and valley in that undulating land were clothed with the dull, tawny hue of the stubble. Here and there the plough horses were moving slowly along the red ridges on the steep hillside. No touch of frost had spoiled the rich hue of the autumnal flowers, and the red carnations still glowed in every garden, while the pale pink trusses of the hydrangea blooms filled all the shrubberies with beauty. A keener breath came up at eventide from the salt sea beyond Point Neptune, and wilder winds crept across the inland valleys with the on-coming of night. Summer and the swallows were gone. October, a balmy season for the most part, was at hand; and there were no more tea drinkings and afternoon gossipings at the Angler's Nest. The lamps were lighted before dinner. The evenings were spent in the old library and the new drawing-room, the new room communicating with the old one by a curtained archway, so that of a night the curtains could be drawn back and Martin Disney could sit among his books by the fire-place in the library and yet be within conversational reach of Isola and Allegra in the drawing-room, where they had piano and table easel, work-baskets, and occupations of all kinds.

Mr. Colfox sometimes dropped in of an evening, on parish business, of course, took a cup of coffee, listened while Allegra played one of Mozart's sonatas or sang a song by Gluck, or Haydn, or Handel. Mr. Colfox was not one of the advanced people who despised Mozart or Handel. Nor did he look down upon Haydn. Indeed, he sat and stroked his thin legs with a sheepish appreciation, wrinkling up his loose trousers, and showing a large amount of wrinkled cotton stocking, while Allegra sang My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair, in her clear, strong soprano, which was of infinite use to him in his choir.

He told everybody that Martin Disney's was an ideal household—a home into which it was a privilege to be admitted.

"I feel as if I never knew the beauty of domestic life till I knew the Angler's Nest," he said one evening after dinner at Glenavert, where he and the village doctor had been taking what the proud possessor of a seventy-guinea cook called pot luck.

"Really now," said Mr. Crowther, "you surprise me, for I have always fancied there was a screw loose there."

"What does that expression imply, Mr. Crowther?" asked the curate coldly.

"Oh, I don't know, nothing specific; only one's notion of an ideal home doesn't generally take the shape of a beautiful girl of twenty married to a man of forty. The disparity is just twice as much as it ought to be."

"Upon my soul," replied the curate, "I don't believe that wedded love is affected by any difference of years. Desdemona loved Othello, who was a man of mature age."

"And black," interrupted Mr. Crowther with a coarse laugh. "Well, let us be thankful that Colonel Disney is not a nigger, and that there is so much the less danger of a burst up at the Angler's Nest. And now, Baynam, with regard to this footpath across the wood—who the devil will be injured if I shut it up?"

"A good many people, and the people I think you would least like to injure," answered the doctor sturdily. "Old people, and feeble, ailing people, who find the walk to church quite far enough even with the help of that short cut."

"Short cut be hanged!" cried Mr. Crowther, helping himself to a bumper of port, and passing on the decanter with hospitable emphasis.

"It can't make a difference of a hundred yards."

"It does make a difference of over a quarter of a mile—and the proof is that everybody uses it, and that it goes by the name of the Church path. I wouldn't try to shut those gates if I were you, Mr. Crowther. You are a popular man in the parish, for you, well, you have spent a heap of money in the place, and you subscribe liberally to all our charities and what not; but I don't mind telling you, if you were to try and shut off that old footpath across your wood you'd be about the most unpopular man

within a radius of ten miles."

"Don't talk about trying to shut it off, man," said Mr. Crowther arrogantly. "If I choose to lock the gates to-morrow I shall do it, and ask nobody's leave. The wood's my wood, and there's no clause in my title deeds as to any right of way through it; and I don't see why I am to have my hazel bushes pulled about, and my chestnut trees damaged by a pack of idle boys, under the pretence of church going. There is the Queen's highway for 'em—"

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safe from tempest or foul weather; and yet there were seasons when the wild sea winds came sweeping up the deep valleys, and all the storms of the Atlantic seemed to play in that narrow gorge. To-night the atmosphere was unusually calm, and Isola could hear the sailors singing at their work.

Slowly, slowly the two young women went down the hill, Allegra full of speculation and wonderment about the unknown vessel, Isola curiously silent. As they neared the hotel a man landed from a dingy, and came briskly up the slippery, hard causeway, a tall, slim figure in the vivid moonlight, loose-limbed, loosely clad, moving with easiest motion.

Isola turned sick at the sight of him. She stopped, helplessly, hopelessly, and stood staring straight before her, watching him as he came nearer and nearer, nearer and nearer, like some awful figure in a nightmare dream, when the feet of the dreamer seem frozen to the ground, and flesh and blood seem changed to ice or lead.

He came nearer, looked at them, and passed them by—passed as one who knew them not, and was but faintly curious about them. He passed and walked quickly up towards the Point, with the rapid swinging movements of one who was glad to tread the solid earth.

No, it was not Lostwithiel. She had thought at first that no one else could look so like him at so short a distance; no one else could have that tall, slender figure, and easy, buoyant walk. But the face she saw in the moonlight was not his. It was like, but not the same; darker, with larger features, a face of less delicacy and distinction; but oh, God! how like the eyes that had looked at her with that brief glance of casual inspection were to those other eyes that had poured their passionate story into her own that unforgettable night when she sat out the after-supper waltzes in the ante-room at the Talbot. She could not have believed that any man living could so recall the man whose name she never spoke of her own free will.

There were some sailors standing about at the top of the steep little bit of road leading down to the granite causeway, and their voices sounded fresh and clear in the still evening, mixed with the rippling rush of the water as it came running up the stones. The moonlight shone full upon one of the men as he stood with his face towards the sea, and Isola read the name upon the front of his jersey.

"Vendetta,"

"Vendetta," cried Allegra, quick to observe the name. "Why, is not that Lord Lostwithiel's yacht?"

"Yes—I think so," faltered Isola.

"Then that must have been Lord Lostwithiel who passed us just now; and yet you would have known him, wouldn't you?"

"That was not Lord Lostwithiel."

"A friend of his, I suppose; such a nice-looking man, too. There was something so frank and cheery in his look as he just glanced at us both and marched briskly on. He did not pay us the compliment of seeming curious. I wonder who he is."

Isola was wondering about something else. She was looking with a frightened gaze across the harbor, towards that one spot in the long golden trail of the moonbeams where the Vendetta cast her black shadow on the water. There were lamps gleaming brightly here and there upon the vessel—a look of occupation.

"Is Lord Lostwithiel on board his yacht?" Allegra asked of one of the sailors, not ashamed to appear inquisitive.

"No, ma'am; Mr. Hulbert is skipper."

"Who is Mr. Hulbert?"

"His lordship's brother."

"Was that he who went up towards the Point just now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he going to stop here long, do you know?"

"I don't think he knows himself, ma'am. It'll depend upon the weather most likely. If we get a fair wind we may be off to the Lizard at an hour's notice, and away up north to the Hebrides."

"Doesn't that seem inconsistent," exclaimed Allegra as they walked homewards. "What is the good of coming to Cornwall if he wants to go to the Hebrides? It must be very much out of his way."

"He may want to see his old home, perhaps."

He was born at the Mount, you know."

"Indeed, I don't know anything about him, but I want to know ever so much. I call it an interesting fact."

She was full of animation during the homeward walk. A stranger of any kind must needs be a God-send as affording a subject for conversation, but such a stranger as Lostwithiel's brother afforded a theme of strongest interest. Allegra had heard so much about Lord Lostwithiel and all his works and ways—the pity of it that he did not marry; the still greater pity that he did not live at the Mount, and give shooting parties and spend money in the neighborhood. She had heard in a less exalted key of his lordship's younger brother, who had fought under Beresford in Egypt, and who had only lately left the navy. What more natural than that such a man should sail his brother's yacht?

Captain Hulbert was still unmarried; but no one talked about the pity of that. People took a materialistic politico-economical view of his case, and were unanimous in the opinion that he could not afford to marry, and that any aspiration in that line would be criminal on his part. There was an idea at Trelasco that

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## ARTISTS

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FOR THE TEETH'S BREATH. TEABERRY.

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the younger sons of peers of moderate fortune have been specially designed by Providence to keep up the race of confirmed bachelors. There must be bachelors; the world cannot get on without them; society requires them as a distinct element in social existence, and it would ill become the off-shoots of the peerage to shrink from fulfilling their destiny.

Allegra was not the less curious about Captain Hulbert, although his elaborate mission had been frequently expounded to her. She was interested in him because she liked his face, because he was Lostwithiel's brother, because he had appeared in her life with a romantic suddenness, sailing out of the sea unheralded and unexpected, like a man who had dropped from the moon.

She fell asleep that night wondering if she would ever see him again—if the Vendetta would have vanished from the harbor to-morrow at noon, like a boat that had only lived in her dreams; or whether the yacht would still be anchored there in the haven under the hill. And, if so, whether Captain Hulbert would call at the Angler's Nest and tell them about Lostwithiel's South American adventures, and how he came to be skipper of his brother's yacht.

At breakfast next morning Colonel Disney's talk was chiefly about Captain Hulbert. The colonel had been for an early walk and had seen the Vendetta from the little quay at Fowey, by the Mechanics' Institute, and had heard who was the skipper.

"I remember him when he and his brother were at Eton together—nice boys—capital boys, both of them—but I liked Jack Hulbert better than Lostwithiel. He was franker, more spontaneous and impulsive. Yes, Jack was my favorite, and everybody else's favorite, I think, when the two were boys. I saw very little of them after they grew up. I was away with my regiment, and Jack was away with his ship, and Lostwithiel was wandering up and down the earth, like Satan. I left a card for Captain Hulbert at the club, asking him to dinner this evening. You don't mind, do you, Isola?"

Isola had no objection to offer, and Allegra was delighted at the prospect of seeing more of the man with the nice frank countenance, and that seafaring air which women generally like.

"I am a dreadful person for being influenced by first impressions," she said, "and that one glance at Captain Hulbert in the moonlight assures me that I shall like him."

"Don't like him too well," said Martin laughing, "for I'm afraid he's a detrimental, and would make even a worse match than Colfox, who may be a bishop one day, while Hulbert has left the navy and is never likely to be anything."

"Match! detrimental!" cried Allegra indignantly. "Can it be my brother who talks in such a vulgar strain? As if a woman could not look at a man without thinking of marrying him!"

"Some women can't," answered Martin. "With them every free man is a possible husband. Indeed, I believe there are some who cannot look at a married man without estimating the chances of the divorce court—if the man is what they call a catch."

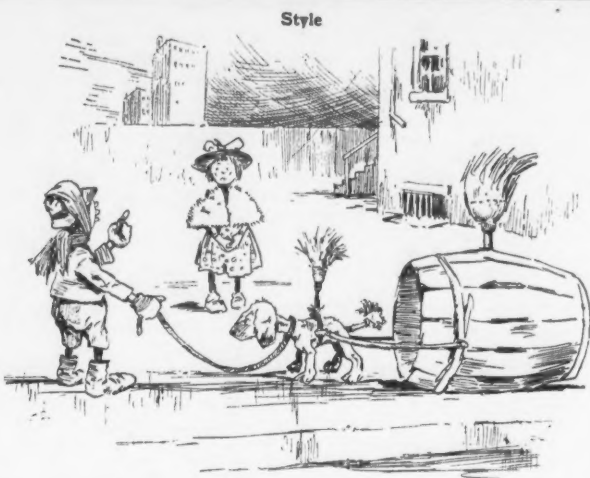
"That is your Indian experience!" exclaimed Allegra scornfully. "I have heard that India is a sink of iniquity."

She went about her day's varied work as usual, curious to see the new acquaintance, yet in no wise excited. Vivid and animated, enthusiastic and energetic as she was in all her thoughts and ways, gushing sentimentality made no part of Miss Leland's character. Life at Trelasco flowed with such an even monotony, there was such an utter dearth of new interests that it was only natural that a girl of vivacious temper should be curious about new comers. At St. John's Wood every day had brought some new element into the lives of the students, and almost every day had brought a new pupil, drawn thither by the growing renown of the master; pupils from the uttermost ends of the earth sometimes; pupils of swarthy complexion speaking unknown tongues; pupils patrician and pupils plebeian, each and all conforming to the same stringent rules of art, spending weeks and months in the shading of a plaster of Paris or a bunch of grapes, from a base cast, and toiling slowly up the gradual ascent which leads to the Royal Academy and the Life School. Many there were who sickened at the slow rate of progress and who fell away. Only the faithful remained. And this going and coming, this strife between faith and unfaith, patience and impatience, had made a perpetual movement in the life of the great school, to say nothing of such bodily activities as lawn tennis, for which the master had provided a court, a court for his pupils, as it were, where they played among themselves, as if they had been so many collegians in the college of Tennyson's Princess. Allegra had liked her life at the great art school, but she had never regretted its abandonment. She loved her brother and her brother's wife, better even than she loved art. It was only now and then that she felt that her existence at Trelasco was as monotonous as the flow of the river going up and coming down day by day between Lostwithiel and the sea.

She spent the hours between breakfast and luncheon hard at work in her painting-room, a little room with a large window facing northward. She had the coachman's girl and boy for her models, and was engaged upon a little water-color picture after the school of Mrs. Allingham, a little picture which told its story with touching simplicity. It was not the first picture of the kind she had painted. Several of her works had been exhibited at the Society of British Artists, and two small pictures had been bought at prices which seemed to promise her an easy road to fortune.

The coachman's children profited greatly by this new profession which had been devised for them. Allegra made their frocks in her leisure hours, when the active fingers must have something to do, while the active tongue ran on gaily in happy talk with Martin and Isola. Allegra made up to her little models for their hours of enforced idleness by extra tuition which kept them ahead of most of the other pupils in the village school; and Allegra supplied them with pocket-money.

"I don't know how the children got on before Miss Leland came," said the coachman's



"Come on; crawl in, Isabella. I'm all plumed up for de sleigh-carnival. See!"—Judge.

wife. "They seem to look to her for everything."

Allegra had other models, village children, and village girls—her beauty-girl, a baker's daughter with a splendid semi-Greek face, like Mrs. Langtry's, whom she dressed up in certain cast-off finery of her own, and painted in her genre pictures, now in this attitude, and now in that, imparting an air of distinction which elevated the Cornish blonde into a patrician. She it was, this baker's fair-haired daughter, who stood for Allegra's successful picture, "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall," a little bit of finished painting which had brought the painter five-and-thirty guineas, boundless wealth as it seemed to her, and ever so many commissions.

Art, even in despondency and failure, is a consolation; art successful is an intoxicating delight. Allegra was as happy a young woman as could be found in Cornwall that day, when she shut her color box, dismissed her little maiden, and ran down to lunch, where she found Isola more silent than usual, and made amends by her own light-hearted chatter for the morning's absorption over the easel. After lunch she ran off to the village to pay her parish visits to the sick and old, and on her way to an outlying cottage she met Mr. Colfox, who immediately turned to accompany her, a way he had, but a way to which she had never attached any significance. He was a clever, well read man, of somewhat original temper, who had to pass most of his life among unlettered or dull people; therefore it surprised Allegra in no wise that he should like to talk to her. A bright, attractive girl of three-and-twenty is very unsuspicious about the feelings of a homely-looking man at least twelve years her senior.

"Your brother has been good enough to ask me to dinner," he said, after a little talk about the old women and their ailments. "I met him at the club this morning."

"He wants you to meet Captain Hulbert. Perhaps you know him already?"

"No, he has not been here within my time. He only left the navy a year ago, and he was generally stationed at the uttermost ends of the earth, keeping guard over our remote possessions. Have you seen him?"

"Only for an instant. He passed my sister and me yesterday evening in the moonlight. I thought he looked a nice person—but I think women have a natural leaning towards sailors. I could never imagine a seaman telling a falsehood or doing a mean action."

"There is a kind of open-air manner which suggests truthfulness," admitted Mr. Colfox. "Yet there have been dark deeds done by sailors; there have been black sheep even in the Queen's Navy. However, I believe Captain Hulbert is worthy of your good opinion. I have never heard anybody speak against him, and the old people who knew him as a lad seem to have liked him better than Lord Lostwithiel."

"Do tell me your opinion of Lord Lostwithiel. I am very curious about that subject. Mr. Crowther talked so much about him the night we were at Glenavari."

"Mr. Crowther loves a lord." "Please satisfy my curiosity. Is he really such a fascinating personage?"

"He has very pleasant manners. I don't know what constitutes fascination in a man, though I know pretty well what it means in a woman. Lord Lostwithiel's manners are chiefly distinguished by repose without the affectation of languor—and by an interest in other people so cleverly simulated that it deceives everybody. One finds him out by the way in which people boast of his friendship. He cannot be so attached to all the world. He has a manner which is generally described as sympathetic."

"Mr. Crowther enlarged a good deal upon his lordship's admiration for my sister at the hunt ball. Was that so very marked?"

"Mr. Colfox colored violently at this question—assuredly not easy to answer truthfully without hazard of offence."

"I was not at the ball—I heard people talk a little—in the way people talk of everything—about Lostwithiel's attention to Mrs. Disney, and about her prettiness. They all agreed that if not the loveliest woman in the room she was at least the most interesting."

"It was very natural that he should admire her, but I don't think, Martin liked Mr. Crowther's talking about it in that way at the dinner table. The man is horribly underbred. Has Lord Lostwithiel what you call—'a good character'?"

"I don't know about the present. I have heard that in the past his reputation was not spotless."

"I understand," said Allegra quickly. "The admiration of such a man is an insult; and that is why Mr. Crowther harped upon the fact. I am sure he is a malevolent man."

"Don't be hard upon him, Miss Leland. I believe he has only the misfortune to be a cad—by birth, education and associations. Don't fling your stone at such a man—consider what an unhappy fate it is."

"Oh, but he does not think himself unhappy. He is bursting with self-importance and the pride of riches. He is the typical rich man of the Paolists. He must be the happiest man

in Trelasco, a thick-skinned man whom nothing can hurt."

"I am sorry you think so badly of poor Mr. Crowther, because I am really attached to his wife. She is one of the best women I know."

"So my sister tells me, and I was very much pleased with her myself, but one cannot afford to be friendly with Mrs. Crowther at the cost of knowing her husband."

She spoke with some touch of the insolence of youth, which sets so high a value upon its own opinions and its own independence, and looks upon all the rest of humanity as upon a lower plane. Youth makes its own exceptions; and while it has a somewhat arrogant scorn for the many, it reverences the few with a blind hero-worship—and its love is always an upward-looking love, "the desire of the moth for the star."

Mr. Colfox sighed, and smiled at the same moment, a sad little half-cynical smile. He was thinking how impossible it was to refrain from admiring this bright out-spoken girl, with her quick intellect and her artistic instincts, so spiritual, so unworried, and fresh as an April morning—how impossible not to admire, how difficult not to love her, and how futile to love. He thought of himself with scathing self-contempt—middle-aged, homely of feature and of figure, with nothing to recommend him except good birth, a small independence, just so much as enabled him to live where he pleased and serve whom he would, without reference to the stipend attached to the cure; and a little rusty, dry-as-dust learning. Nothing more than this; and he wanted to win and wed a girl whose image never recurred to his mind without the suggestion of a rose garden or a summer morning. Yes, she reminded him of morning and dewy red roses, those old-fashioned heavy red roses, round as a cup and breathing sweetest perfume.

He jogged on by her side in silence, and only awoke from his reverie to bid her good-bye at the gate of a cottage garden, in the lane that led up the hill to Tywardreath.

(To be continued.)

#### A Norwood Miracle.

Health Regained after Seven Doctors had Failed.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. John Slater Knox—Two Hours Sleep after the Benefit Derived From Six Weeks Medical Treatment—Rescue From Suffering Came After the Doctors had Pronounced His Case Hopeless.

Norwood, Register.

The readers of the Register will remember having read in this paper during the early part of last year of the very serious illness of Mr. John Slater Knox, who lives on lot 20, in the 3rd concession of Ashpodel township. They will remember how in January, 1892, Mr. Knox was stricken down with la grippe, how from a man of about 185 pounds he fell away in flesh in a few short weeks until he was a mere skeleton of his former self, weighing only 120 pounds; how he was racked with the most excruciating pain; how he longed for death to relieve him of his suffering; how he consulted doctors near and far, and how they failed to successfully diagnose his case. In fact, they confessed their ignorance of his malady and said he could not recover. But so much for the profession. Mr. Knox is alive to-day. He has recovered his wonted vigor and weighs 180 pounds, and his many friends in Norwood look upon him in wonder. Of course Mr. Knox is questioned on every hand about his recovery, as to what magic influence he owes his increase in flesh, and his answer to each interrogation is, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it," and he is never too busy to extol the merits of his now world-famous remedy. This is what he said to a reporter of the Norwood Register the other day when asked about his illness and his wonderful cure: "I will tell you all about it. In January, 1892, I had la grippe, which was prevalent at that time. It settled into pains in the calves of my legs. I was drawing lumber at the time and thought it was caused by sitting on the load and allowing my legs to hang down. I consulted a doctor in the matter, who told me it was rheumatism. He treated me, but did me no good, and I kept getting worse daily. Altogether I had seven doctors in attendance, but none of them seemed to know what my ailment was. Some said it was rheumatism, others that my nerves were diseased, one said locomotor ataxia, and another inflammation of the spinal cord, another inflammation of the outer lining of the spinal cord, and still another said neuralgia of the nerves. I did not sleep for six weeks, and no drug administered by the medical men could deaden the pain or make me slumber. I will just say this: at the end of that time some narcotic administered made me doze for a couple of hours, and that was all the relief I received from the disciples of Esculapius. They said that I could not recover, and really I had given up hope myself. My pain was so intense I wanted to die to be relieved of my suffering. From a weight of one hundred and eighty-four pounds I had dropped to one

hundred and twenty. I was a skeleton compared with my former self. I had often read in The Register of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but did not think of taking the remedy. About this time my father purchased some from Dr. Moffatt, druggist, Norwood, and bringing them to me requested me to take them. They remained in the house perhaps a couple of weeks before I commenced taking them, and then I must confess I had not much faith in their efficacy. Before I had finished taking the first box I felt a little better, and when I had taken two boxes I was convinced that the Pink Pills were doing me good; in fact, that they were doing for me what seven doctors had failed to do—they were effecting a cure. I felt so much better after having taken three boxes of Pink Pills that I ceased taking them, but I had not fully recovered and had to resume, and I then continued taking them until now I am as hale a man as you will meet in a day's travel. I am positive that this happy result has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I recommend them to my neighbors and my friends as I am thoroughly convinced of their curative properties. There is a case a short distance from my place of a man who has been a cripple for some time, recovering after taking eight boxes of Pink Pills. In December last I could only manage to lift a bag of oats; now I can toss a bag of peas on to a load with ease. Isn't that gaining strength? At one period since I began taking Pink Pills I gained thirty pounds in six weeks. To day I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have been skidding logs in the bush all winter and can do a day's work with any of them. I believe it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whenever I can."

"I hear you are making preparations to build a house, Mr. Knox," said the reporter.

"Yes," replied Mr. Knox laughingly. "I am about building a house and barn, which I think will demonstrate that I am trying to enjoy my renewed lease of life." Calling on Dr. Moffatt, druggist, The Register reporter asked him if he knew of Mr. Knox's case, and that that gentleman ascribed his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "I have been talking to Mr. Knox and his is certainly a most remarkable cure. But speaking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reminds me of the wonderful sale they are having in and about Norwood. I buy a hundred dollars' worth at a time and my orders are not few. I sell more Pink Pills than any other medicine and always hear good reports of them." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

#### Locked Out.

This is not a tale involving labor complications, except in one sense. That is, she represented capital and he labored to get her. The result, however, was perfect harmony between capital and labor. They had been indulging in an idle flirtation just without the walls of a quaint German town. At any rate it seemed a flirtation on her part. Capital was coy and arrogant. But labor was dead in earnest. He proposed in the most approved and romantic fashion, but capital had listened to so many similar propositions for arbitration that it fought shy. Capital was extremely beautiful, with soft, mocking eyes and a wealth of golden hair. In very decisive tones she absolutely refused to accept the agreement. "And now that we have settled this matter, let us return to town," she said. "It is growing late and mamma will worry."

He had not a word to say and they retraced their steps toward town. With some bitterness, he recalled her encouraging glances. They reached the great gates and to their surprise found them locked. "I did not know it was so late," she said. "The watchman has locked us out." The town gate was remotely situated, and, although they lifted up their voices, there was no response. He critically examined the massive gate. She gave a cry of despair and then turned to her companion. "Mr. Brown, you got me into this and now you must get me out. You must unlock that gate somehow."

"Well," he returned, "there is no doubt that we are locked out. Let us see if we cannot arbitrate the matter. I once worked in a safe factory and I think that I could open that gate with little trouble."

"Then do so. Do so at once."

"There are some conditions to settle first. You must agree to marry me. You have flirted with me most outrageously, haven't you?"

"Yes. But any girl has a right to do that. I disagree with you. No girl has a right to read a manly heart."

"Pooh! You mean to say your heart is rent?"

"No doubt of it. Is it unreasonable? Who can look into your beautiful eyes and forget their sweet love-light? Who can gaze upon your face, and not cherish it always as a sad memory? Who can have listened to the music of your voice, and not long to hear its melody forever? Do I make myself clearly understood?"

"You do. You argue well." "Say, oh say, you will be mine, and I will burglarize the gate. Otherwise you will be forced to remain without in the starlight." "That is your ultimatum?" she said. "It is."

She thought for a moment, and then lifted her lips to his. "Well, I'll arbitrate," she said. He kissed her, and then found a rusty nail and went to work on the lock. In a few moments the gate swung open and they entered. Then he said: "I have taken an unfair advantage. I merely wished to teach you a lesson. I will release you from your promise."

She looked at him shyly. "But I don't want to be released. I merely wished to hold off, womanlike. Your arbitrating, dear, only hastened events, for I had decided in my own mind to marry you a month ago."

Then the moon went behind a cloud.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Two Flyers of New York, via Picturesque Erie Railway.

Something every person should remember: Time is money. You can save money by purchasing your tickets via one of the greatest double track roads of the United States. Leave Toronto at 12.50 p.m., arrive at Buffalo 5.50 p.m., and leave Buffalo 7.30 p.m., and arrive in New York at 7.30 a.m. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m. and connect with the Erie flyer at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York. Dining-room cars attached to all trains for meals. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 9 York street, Telephone 103, Toronto.

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"Worth a Guinea a Box."

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## The Drama.

THE visit of James Whitcomb Riley sent an exquisite tremor through the soul of literary Toronto. All the budding poets bowed before his shrine, but some of them did not do so in any special spirit of humility. One went as a genius to meet genius; another as a poet to meet a clever writer of dialect verse. From the moment Mr. Riley arrived in town until the train moved out with him from the Union Station, he was besieged by rhymer, young and old, male and female, all anxious to get him alone for a period, so that they could recite him a few samples of their work. He was forced to listen to Lines on the Death of a Tame Canary from one, a Sonnet on Love from another, and several lyrics and dialect pieces from still others. Samples of poetry to no end were delivered by messengers at his hotel, and it is rumored that one local poet called Mr. Riley up by telephone and recited to him an elegy on the Soul's Arousing, half an hour long. It was pathetic to witness the scramble of poetasters, and poor Riley aged a whole year during his stay here of two nights and a day. I feel called upon to notify him that Toronto is not composed entirely of poets, as his experience here has probably led him to suppose. Without moving from my chair or consulting the city directory I could give him the names of twenty ladies and gentlemen who have not attempted anything in the way of poetry for years—so far as I know. A thorough examination of the directory would probably reveal several hundred names in all. It is rather unfortunate that this saving remnant of our people did not assert itself, but the opportunity is gone and it is useless to make moan over it now. The only local poet whom Mr. Riley had a definite desire to meet was among the few who did not present himself—R. K. Kernighan (The Khan). There is a greater disparity between the reputations of these two men than there is between their talents.

James Whitcomb Riley is a poet, one of the few great singers. That he has in him the gift immortal surely none can doubt who heard him recite some of his own selections in the Pavilion last Thursday night. The gentle pathos of human nature is understood by him as by few. He is the poet of childhood and of unartificialized manhood. He writes of and for the human heart as it is and not as it affectively pretends to be. M. W. H. in a recent issue of the New York Sun devotes four columns to Mr. Riley in an endeavor to show that he is a poet apart from his dialect verse. It is in the nature of an announcement from this literary door-keeper to those inside that the latest and greatest comer, though dressed in rough country clothes, has a dress suit at home and would look quite in fashion if he had it on. The writer gives a number of quotations from Riley, showing how he has successfully imitated Shakespeare, Moore, Herrick, Keats, Tennyson and Burns, therefore he is more than a dialect poet. M. W. H. falls to impress me. Riley might have imitated these poets all his life and written volumes of such respectable and fashionable verse as *The Sun* quotes, without ever having heard of outside of Indiana. We all know dozens of unconscious imitators of one poet or another who are singing their misguided heads off to no purpose. Every poet who ever sang has raised up a hundred echoes down the aisles of time. Riley is Riley, and his charm comes out when he sings in the dialect which he heard in his childhood—the dialect in which he conversed with his own heart and with nature's heart when he, as a little prattler, first became conscious of impressions and emotions. There is a hollow artificiality about poetry written in the acquired language of the schools. In the name of all sacred things, where did the magazine poets spend their youth and first gaze on green fields and sunny skies? Was it in a grove of books, irrigated by a stream of pamphlets and illumined by a sun made of Latin tomes that they first experienced the throbs of wholesome life and first felt pity and hate and love? Were they born with University degrees in their kid-gloved hands and spectacles on their noses? In their writings there is no evidence that they have hearts and souls and emotions like ordinary mortals—simply heads containing a vast immensity of knowledge which they are too learned to interpret for the unlettered. It is charged that dialect poetry is intelligible only to a limited number, but when heart speaks to heart the dialect cannot confuse its appeal; and in this way dialect verse is intelligible to a greater number than the big-worded, forward-and-back, dictionary compound peculiar to the magazines at this time.

I would not care to find everyone writing dialect poetry who attempts to verify. Save us from that! However, Riley is among the truest poets of the age and he is the simplicitas of verse. He speaks in his natural voice—the voice of the fireside and the field, and it is when so speaking that he is great. One should write in the language in which he thinks and feels, as Burns did and as Riley does. Shake-

speare was true to his time and so were Moore and Tennyson, but no human being could get so far away from human nature as to think and feel in the stilted jargon of the magazine poet. The sensations one feels in infancy, the messages which God and life speak to the child-heart can never be re-experienced by the adult or respooken in whale's language to the pedant.

James Whitcomb Riley's entertainment was the third in Kleiser's Star Course, and nothing more enjoyable has been given in town this winter. Mr. Kleiser deserves credit for bringing such good people here, and he is to be congratulated on the crowded houses which he has secured. Frank Lincoln will be the next attraction, and I am sure the society people of the city will be greatly pleased with him.

Jane is a very good thing, indeed, and was presented this week at the Grand by a company of comparatively unknown people who all acted very well. Alf. Fisher as William would be hard to beat, while Miss Lena Merville as Jane was a success. Mr. Herbert Fortier, a Toronto boy, played the part of Mr. Chas. Shackleton with life and vim, although his work in the curtain raiser was not so good. There was too much forced gaiety and forced excitement required of him at alternate moments. Al. Harris made a jolly old Mr. Kershaw, and in fact each member of the company fitted his part neatly. Chas. Frohman inclines to the idea that a comedy should be an all-round capable collection, rather than an organization with one extra clever person surrounded by incompetents.

It is the right idea; starring results in injurious practices. It also afflicts the public with a nauseating multitude of tail-dips, sputtering in the theatrical firmament and claiming to be stars. We all know several alleged actors who are at the heads of companies with their names in immense letters plastered all over the continent, yet, if they were to lose their starring engagements they could not secure the most insignificant roles in other companies of any standing and would be forced to turn bill-stickers. We all know actresses at the heads of companies who are photographed and famed and on the stage represent millionaires' daughters of luxury and refinement, yet, if they lost their starring engagements they would require to quit the profession and resume their interrupted labors as dining room girls in second-class hotels. Not long ago in a theater in this city one of these refined heroines was lolling back in the lap of luxury, or as she called it "a sofa," when she was informed by her maid that Lord Somebody was in the parlor and wanted to ask her hand in marriage (it is quite the custom in high life for titled suitors to confide in servants). This beautiful product of affluence was too rare a bird for a common lord to capture and she cried, "The idea! It's just like his impudence. But I'll settle him." Then she pulled a parcel of sand from the pocket of her silken gown, danced a sand-jig and whisked downstairs, amidst terrific applause to "settle him." Some of the glimpses of high life which the stage affords are almost staggering. Even though starring were done away with, such companies and such people might still travel, but we would not have the names of these scullions dinned into our ears and burned into our eye-balls with such awful persistence as now.

It is remarkable how a villain will pursue honest people for years and years over the face of the earth all for the satisfaction of poisoning himself in the end. Dunstan Leech in the Span of Life at the Academy this week is the most remarkable villain imaginable. He poisoned his little brother quite unnecessarily, and in the clumsiest possible manner; he made love to Kate in a fierce and brow-beating way that would have repelled a wild animal; he tried to kill Richard Blunt in the lighthouse, although how he hoped to escape detection and reap benefit no man could perceive; and then when Blunt and his wife were gold and diamond mining in Africa, seven years later, who should turn up as leader of an Arab horde, but Dunstan Leech. But he did not stay there, for in the next act when the scene opens again in their English home, in walks Dunstan, his whiskers gone, his Arab dress gone, the same smooth fellow he used to be. He had not changed a hair; he hadn't even changed his cuffs. Ten years of slave trading in Zambesia glided off his back without even making his coat shiny. What surprises me is that in such an immense world as this the hero could not run across some other villain than the favorite enemy of his youth. The fault does not lie with Ralph Delmore, who plays the part of Dunstan Leech, but I am finding fault with the factory where melodramas are made. Give us a play with two villains, each working independently of the other. Let it be tried, by way of change. For instance, in this play Leech could be the embodiment of evil for England and adjacent islands and lighthouses, while the hero, on reaching Africa, could fall into the hands of Old Nick's local agent for the dark continent. By having two villains the one at home would be saved a long sea voyage, the hero's position could be made quite as perilous, and the idea of a supreme over-riding malignancy would be created. No hero in real life is pursued the world over by one villain—one rascal "does you up" and then makes way for another. Your abominable neighbor who poisons your dog and lies about your extravagance, does not move to another town to continue the persecution; the new town provides you with a new neighbor, more abominable still. So it should be in melodrama. While the hero is being detained by the African villain in a cave, the postman might come along with a letter addressed to him, containing the news that the English villain was living in luxury as pretended owner of the hero's estate—this would be a connecting link, you see, and serve to remind the audience of villain No. 1.

In the last act the two villains might meet at some intermediate point and kill each other, with the hero looking on, who could secure from the dying wretches itemized accounts of their misdeeds, together with all the money and jewelry he could carry away. But I will not elaborate this idea further. It is a charming conception, and I may some day put it in the shape of a melodrama.

The Wilson brothers great span act across the gulch is a good piece of stage work, but it would scarcely serve in a real emergency. The three men stood upon each other's shoulders and held like a tree across the chasm, the bottom one holding by his feet and the top one by his hands. I am afraid the Arabs who came swooping down upon the trio at that point, just as the curtain fell, would have made short work of the three men who formed the bridge. They could not get up again on the side from whence they had projected themselves; the chasm was doubtless a few thousand feet deep, while on its edge stood a mob of Arabs ready to put lances into them.

Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleton, whose picture appears on the front page of this issue, will give four concerts in the Academy on Friday and Saturday, March 31 and April 1, under the management of Mr. Fred C. Whitney. Mme. Mapleton is a prima donna greatly in favor with the royal courts of Europe, and her American tour is an event of importance. At an early age she began her studies under the tuition of the leading masters of music in Europe. Four years ago Mme. Schirmer-Mapleton sang in Russia under the direction of the world-famous Rubinstein; then came a tour, including all the large cities, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Milan, Rome and London. She has won plaudits in the old as well as the new world. It is said of her that she was born to sing and act, and does both with as much simplicity and ease as she performs the act of speaking. Her voice flows as freely as the bird's; her middle tones are full of sweetness and sympathy, and the high are brilliant and sparkling. She is a comparatively young woman, with a beautiful face and magnificent figure, a wealth of light brown hair, eyes of darkest blue and a handsome set of teeth. Her costumes are marvels of art, especially those for Marguerite in Faust, a part in which she has appeared over three hundred times in Europe.

The world-renowned Frank Lincoln, who recently returned to America after making a tour of the entire globe, will make a flying visit to Toronto, to appear at the Pavilion for one evening only, on April 11. Mr. Lincoln was heard here about six years ago, when he won unstinted praise from press and public alike, since which time his fame as an entertainer has steadily increased until now he occupies an enviable position in the front rank of his chosen profession. Lincoln needs no introduction here, and it is safe to say he will be greeted by a crowded house.

Hanon Bros. in their spectacular Fantasma, will be at the Grand next week with a special matinee on Good Friday.

The melodrama, *Shadows of a Great City*, attracted a large audience to the Toronto Opera House on Monday night. This play is clean and healthy in tone while full of thrilling incidents, and there is, I am glad to say, an entire absence of the striving after dramatic effect by the frequent appearance of a lively gang. The scenery is very good indeed, and the capacity of the stage must have been severely taxed in the scene where the convicts escape from prison and row off. The comic element in the piece was very conspicuous and relieved the audience from that *ennui* which is always to be dreaded when unadulterated villainy is the sum and substance of a play; there was even a little too much of it and some rather incongruous effects were produced at times, but the fault lay with the author rather than with the actors. B. Tilton, F. Williams and J. Warren acquitted themselves well in their roles, and I can quite understand the dread created among thieves by a detective with a voice like that of J. Weldon. Miss A. Berlin was good as Biddy, with a rich brogue and a big heart, and Miss E. Tilton took her dual parts well, but her acting is not sustained and her manner lacks grace. She is rather given to mannerisms which befit a tragedienne rather than one representing an *ingenue* character. Taken as a whole the company is very even, and the *Shadows of a Great City* deserved to draw well throughout the week.

In the Muses this week, those who hanker after strange sights and sounds have an opportunity of gratifying their tastes. There is an armless man who tells the people that he is the only freak of nature in a family of nine, a fact upon which his parents are to be congratulated; a remarkably stout and well developed couple who are blessed—or cursed—with a superabundance of adipose tissue, and whose united weight runs up to some hundred pounds. Besides these there are tableaux vivants, illustrating classical and mythological personages, and an individual who toys with the mysterious electric fluid in a manner altogether astonishing. Down in the theater there are songs, dances and other performances with just sufficient dash to render them quaint to the patrons of that institution, where, to quote the immortal Artemus, "Instruction and amusement are combined at ten cents a head."

Current Cash will be the bill offered at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week, beginning Monday night, March 27, giving the usual matinee and a grand holiday. Good Friday, matinee, March 31. This play aims to present a true picture of the war between England and Afghanistan in 1859. Among the company who will present the play here will be seen Mr. Chas. E. Verner and Miss Katherine Walsh, both well known artists, and many others. Current Cash is a play in three acts and a prologue, and is of a very conventional type. Capt. Mark Milton is condemned to death, and asks his comrade, Major Gordon Challis, to write a will from dictation. The major alters the will, drawn in favor of the captain's wife, and makes himself sole legatee. He takes possession of the estate and is congratulating himself upon his good fortune, when Corp. Patrick Boales steps in and informs him that he is aware of the forgery. The captain's widow and child have been reduced to poverty, while Major Challis has been enjoying the estate that is rightfully theirs. One Eye, a man whom nobody knows, wanders around the stage, and in the last act removes his disguise and is recognized as the supposedly deceased captain.

## A Turk.

It is quite the fashionable thing at this season of the year to take either a quart or two of medicine or a Turkish Bath. My legal friend and I dropped down to the well known King street skin laundry the other evening, with the avowed intention of blowing in seventy-five cents and taking away a wash. I am fain to admit that we got our boodle's worth in ornamental scrubbery.

The refreshment is of a highly ornate character, the courses, however, being perhaps a little irregular in their order, as you are in the soup the whole time, but still you get a very fair assortment of stewed, boiled, and roasted, and a customer must be pretty hard to please who isn't at least "tickled" at the style of entertainment afforded by the able-bodied assistants. The roly-poly act was the selection that caught my chum on the bald spot. The operator commenced with him gently, and the youthful barrister smiled, and kept on smiling until he fairly roared, or rather commenced to roar, for just then the joint-cracking artist hit him a lusty thump over the liver, and he concluded to finish that roar in a different key. Curiously enough, this trifling incident appeared to tickle me more than it did him. The plaintiff then got in his fine work on the defendant's anatomy, and by the time the defence for the Crown was all in, the defence had entirely collapsed, all doubtful points had been nicely cleaned up, and about all that remained of my legal adviser was his hair and teeth—his look of importance having gone down at the first assault.

I sampled the mixture next, and after we had both had a delightful swim in the big marble bath and been wrung out and "mangled," we came to the unanimous conclusion that although a "Turk" combines business with pleasure, the pleasure is so much more than the business, the sense of lazy satisfaction with which one sips one's coffee after the last act is so much in excess of the trifling pain of being drawn through the various knot holes, that even if it does "come high," still "we must have it," and consequently we propose to hit the institution again at an early date.

G. J. A.

## When We Apologize.

In spite of the fact that we are not naturally vicious, there are times when the best of us will act like the person whom we never mention. We say things so that our hair rises with shame when we think of them, things which often we know to be untrue, but we want to say them. The heart-rending side of the question is that we generally select the people whom we love best in the world to be our victims.

Subsequently we realize that we ought to apologize. Some people seem to like apologizing. You, my poor friend, do not. It frequently takes a night of broken repose, distraction during meals, the gnawing tooth of remorse, more or less brimstone from your conscience, and sometimes a humid atmosphere to make you apologize.

There are people who have the most exalted respect for a person who can apologize. They know it isn't nice, and that they are seldom able to do it themselves. You begin to apologize to these people and they meet you half way with shoutings, throw their arms around your neck, and there you mingle happy vows of eternal love and friendship.

Not so the numerous and ordinary man. He watches your apologetic struggles with a cold and vengeful eye. There you stand often before a man smaller than yourself like a wretched school-boy.

Then your victim begins. First, he walks past you scornfully on the other side, but comes back to tell you his candid opinion of your conduct; he dilates on the miserable scene for which you have been apologizing, and finally with solemn warnings extends to you his forgiveness.

After which you go away assuring yourself that you apologized for your own sake, and not for his.

PENNY.

## All in The I.

He had just returned from a trans-Atlantic voyage, and he let all the car know it. "Yes," he said pompously to the old gentleman with the silk hat and the gray side whiskers, who sat opposite, "we had a most eventful trip; there was a marriage on board, two deaths and—"

"Any births?" interrogated the old gentleman with a twinkle in his eye.

"No—no births," answered the other, in a manner which implied that they could have had one or two if they had so desired.

"Dear me! that's very strange!" exclaimed he of the gray side whiskers, rising as the car slowed up at Adelaide street.

"What is strange?"

"Why, no births. I have crossed forty-three times, and there have always been births on board."

The pompous note in the new fledged traveler's voice gave place to a tinge of reverence as the other mentioned the figures, but he asked: "Well, what do you call a number of births?"

"Two, three, four, or—"

"No, indeed. Why, the last time I crossed there were over five hundred, and—"

"What babies?"

"Babies? No, births, sleeping births. Here's my street. Good-by."

A litter ran round the car as the silk hat got off, and the young man became suddenly interested in the morning paper. UNCLE ARTIE.

## He Liked His Medicine.

A little bit of a boy stood on the sidewalk on Dovercourt road the other evening with his cap on the back of his head, overcoat wide open and thrown back from his shoulders, jacket also open and the bitter March winds blowing right into him. He stood with his little legs planted apart, cheerfully facing the breeze, and cut such a business-like figure that I asked him for whom he was looking.

"Me! O! I'm catching a cold, and then—ah—then—mother, she'll make me some butter an' sugar an' vinegar—all I can eat, whole lot."

If that boy lives he will succeed in life.

ZEBK.

## Palida Mors.

For Saturday Night.

She lay upon the stone, her icy fingers  
Just creeling on her cold and dripping breast,  
A light upon her face like that which lingers  
Above the dying shadows in the west.

The April sun upon her head was gleaming,  
(A fitting crown for one who loved the day)  
Like rays of Oriental brightness streaming  
Through latticed walls and casements far away.

Her ringless hand re-toiled the old, sad story,  
My weeping eyes would fain have here denied,  
I wished a radiance from the Master's glory  
Was there to drive the shadows from her side.

Upon the slab, the water ever dropping,  
A dreary song beat into my sad heart;  
It seemed like fleeting moments never stopping,  
Like clinging friends that never would depart.

I saw again the flush of childhood brighten,  
And crimson o'er her pale her placid brow,  
I saw once more the blush of girlhood lighten—  
Alas! her face has naught but pallor now.

The river weeds are in her golden tresses,  
The cruel rocks have bruised her tender breast;  
Against her lips, so wont to yield caresses,  
The winding sheet in icy folds is pressed.

The door was opened and a stranger entered,  
Stepped softly up and raised the clinging sheet,  
In him all interest then was deeply centered,  
Although my heart had almost ceased to beat.

Had he betrayed a sign of exultation,  
My hand had smote him then beside her clay,  
For all my thoughts were those of adoration,  
Although his wiles had placed her where she lay.

He stood beside the corpse so wet and dripping,  
And laid the icy hand upon his own,  
The blackened past away from him seemed slipping,  
I left him kneeling there with Death alone.

BERT KELLY.

## The Unforgotten Song.

For Saturday Night.

Can we forget an aid divinely sung,  
Or let its pleasing echoes soon depart,  
When every note that trembled on the tongue,  
Awoke the sacred yearnings of a heart?

The tones that linger saddest on the ear,  
Are cradled in the silence of the breast,  
And like the first awakening of a tear,  
Well up in sweet emotion long suppressed.

A soul rekindled with a fond desire,  
Will breathe in tender music all its pain,  
While memory comes to feed the older fire,  
With hushed hopes and pleasures in her train;

And throbbing chords may voice a tale of love,  
Or falter with such heaviness of woe,  
That all the chanting angels up above  
Are hushed in wonder at the song below.

S. C. TARTHEWAY.

## The Agnostic's Bereavement.

For Saturday Night.

What thrills of sorrow freeze the fount of tears,  
Nor let the crystal stream of feeling thaw,  
To give me succor from this pent-up grief!  
My bosom aches with anguish past relief.

And only moans rise with each breath I draw,  
While memories stab me like a thousand spears.  
Ah! were I me, and wouldst must I live,  
Bereaved of thee, my son—my only son.

Whose love was all I craved of this world's joy,  
Thou wert a sturdy, ruddy-featured boy,  
With limbs of strength, hair golden as the sun,  
And every grace which health and childhood give.

Yet thou art gone across the bridge of sighs,  
Which spans the chasm mortals dare not leap;  
And I—stand beside the black abyss  
To lure thee back again for one last kiss.

For wouldst thou come, yes, surely I would keep  
A firmer hold of thee, thou death-won prize.  
Oh! young thou wert—too young to tread alone  
A road that, child, thine elders fear to go.

Could I have died with thee or gone before,  
To all the journey and its end explore,  
Then had I learned more of than now I know  
That awful highway to the vast unknown.

It might not be. Here must I wait and grieve;  
Stretch forth my hands to grasp—but empty gloom  
Think thee beside me; talk to me, dear friend!  
Repeat that question which my hope enthralled.

And hear no answer from the silent tomb;  
And—then the pang, which nothing can relieve.  
I cannot bribe my grief as others do,  
With expectation of a time and place.

When and where? What the spirit of the dead  
Again may come together, and the thread  
Of heart communion, severed for a space,  
Be joined afresh, while doubting it is true.

Will Hope dwell where her sister, Faith, has left  
Will she make consort of the spirit, Despair?  
For I am faithless—utterly bereaved  
Of this one comfort that I once believed.

But now of which my heart pleads for its share;  
And life itself grows like some, thus bereft.  
Hope is for him who may accept these things.  
I know not aught beyond the pale of sense.

My faith thrills not at promises unproved.  
I only know I had a son and loved,  
Yes, loved him with a fervor most intense,  
And when he died, love, joy and hope took wings.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

## The Arab's Wooing.

For Saturday Night.

Gleams in gules and glints of gold  
Abhor the desert's silvery sweep  
Of sparkling sand the noonday sun;  
Blood-red are the waves of the parched deep.

Where liquid laughter doth not run  
From east to west seaward moaned;  
Nor salt winds with circling whisp'ers  
Skim o'er the opal surface, tended

In their flight by foam-loved birds  
That haunt the briny rocks, whence  
Bend the crooning palms full dense,  
Fringing the ocean's jasper verge.

Not thus the Arab's path. Alone  
Where barrenness and western sky merge  
Into nothingness, and one long line  
Of faintly undulating blue marks where

The bound'ries of the Land of Death recline  
In never nearing distance. In the glare  
Of tropic sun the Arab speeds his way  
And waited on the desert breeze a lay

Of love sounds weirdly sweet and clear:  
"Lone, sterile, is thy love's pathway o'er  
Long vistas of the sand sea's vast quail calm;  
Hot is the breath of desert sweeping mad,

That while in languid listlessness, like roar  
Of distant cataract, a single stately palm  
Rears to the sky its feathery foliage, fanned  
By the pinning heat of summer wind,

Thou lovest with a dreary murmur from behind  
A soft, slow-sailing cloud that flicks  
The unmarred vastness of the summer sky,  
And with its fleecy whiteness decks

The muffled surface of earth's canopy.  
I come, my love, so where the red rose blooms,  
And on the still, sweet silence of the starlit night  
Breathes its faint fragrance mingled with thy sighs;

I come, dear heart, to seek the welcome light  
And hark in hushed laughter of thine eyes,  
Soft as the brown gull's. My desert flower!  
I come! I come! I rest in thy latticed bow!

H. CAMERON WILSON.



## Between You and Me.

I HAVE a letter before me today, evidently written by a person who had absolutely nothing to do on Sunday evening, and in whom the Evil One found a means for my enraging, because this Sunday letter-writer asks some of the most exasperating questions, and begs me to answer them "in your bright and chatty way." In this column, first, "Do you believe in the crinoline?" Now, the form of that question suggests the thirty-nine articles and the catechism, and some glimmer of a hope that at least my questioner had been using his (it's a man!) prayer book recently. I do not believe in the crinoline, in the same way that I believe in the articles, or the devil, or Mr. Gay. But in warm weather, a crinoline is deliciously cool and airy, and perhaps when I am not wearing the rainy-weather dress, or riding the wheel, I shall make a center-piece in a wire cage, and so enjoy myself. "Do you want street cars on Sunday?" comes next. No, I don't, but I know plenty of people who do, and though the advent of the Sunday street car will be a long step towards breaking up our quiet Sunday, I don't know that it will fret me enough to hurt. "Live and let live," my good man, and you won't be half as wicked riding in a street car, Sunday, as you are writing interrogation points to newspaper women. "From your own experience and observation, do you consider marriage a failure?" Certainly not, especially as you confide to me that you are forty and a bachelor. I never really met anyone who sincerely wished they had abjured matrimony, though I dare say there are lots of people who do wish it. That is my observation; as to my experience, I don't think it would interest you. Last of all comes the question which the Enemy put into the Sunday letter-writer's mind, for his annihilation. "What sort of a person should you judge me to be?" in brackets a caution, ("I don't mean you to judge from my writing.") A bachelor of forty writing to a newspaper woman for her opinion of him must be a very obtuse or very trifling creature, a bachelor writing on Sunday, when he should be saying his prayers, or talking nicely to the girl he saw home from church! Bachelors are not so plentiful in Toronto that we can encourage this seclusion and misdirected effort. I think that man is blind to the finger of duty, and dead to remorse, and deaf to the voice of conscience, and a reprobate, and if this isn't "bright and chatty" I am sorry!

Talking of matrimony reminds me of what a lady told me last Sunday. She had just been advising a friend not to marry. "Devote yourself to your art," she said, "and don't think of marriage." Of course she did not know whereof she spoke, spinster as she is! But perhaps her friend may take her advice, as one does quinine capsules, with his eyes shut, and never question its wisdom. But I believe he will "think of marriage," feeling within him the heart-hunger of a healthy creature, the loneliness which the Great All-Father recognized and respected in the sinless and holy ways of Eden, and the need of proper feminine looking after. The old maid misses half of life, the old bachelor misses the better half. Adam wanted Eve. Eve followed Adam, when the hard times came, and so it is to-day. The demand comes from the man (out upon women's proposals!) but once the woman gets him, she recognizes that life without him would be very wanting.

Talking of the rainy-weather dress, I wonder whether it will ever be worn round town just as Mrs. Jenness-Miller wore it! Between you and me, though the pretty woman looked too cute for anything in it, and one could not have added to nor taken from any bit of it on her own graceful figure, there arose before me possibilities which fairly made my hair arise, should every woman wear it as its enthusiastic inventor predicts! Tall and thin, short and stout, bandy and bow-crooked and straight, what a spectacle would King street present, what a panorama would astonish some of those observant men in the basement offices, who know now how many ladies step properly and how many run down their boot heels! Some of us wouldn't be afraid of their criticisms, but in spite of Mrs. Miller's artistic argument and her possible snowdrifts, and her own sweet way of stepping round, I do think four inches more on the tail of that little rainy-weather skirt would make me feel easier in my mind! Now, I expect to be made sorry for letting this cat out of the bag, but, ladies! think of the varied possibilities!

Mrs. Jenness-Miller made some smart points in her two lectures last week. She is such a picture of the success of her methods and the practicability of her beliefs that the majority of her hearers thought more of her own charming self than they did of her teachings. Her cry for freedom for the physical woman is such a blessed change from the other shriek for freedom which several spectacled and angular females have sent forth in this city from the lecture stand. I remember hearing one say, some years ago, "How long shall woman be oppressed by the tyrant man!" and it sounded very funny to me. It reminded me of an angry little girl in New York, who came with her story of wrongs. "Mamma won't let me. She keeps me just like a prisoner, I can't do anything I want. I think she's so cruel. I'd like a mamma, not a jailer," and the only cause of all this avalanche was that the cruel jailer would not let her small girl go up through the skylight and promenade on the roof of a six-story house. The angular lady wanted to vote, and I think she and the small girl were a pair! I don't think men are oppressive, not enough to cry over, and I think generally that they are pretty good to us in their law-making, but so many women will want to go on the roof and howl because they are hindered.

They are going to have whole conventions on the roof, so to speak, at the Chicago Fair this summer, and some of them will perhaps blow away. I hope not, but somehow the self-assertive woman always makes me feel sad. Of course, nowadays, no one howls about the tyrant man; the shoe is on the other foot. Women are not a success as tyrants, but they sometimes essay the role. A little of it goes a



No. 25—Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.



No. 26—Prince Albert of Flanders.



No. 27—Prince Ernest of Hesse Darmstadt.

long way. I don't believe anyone is going to oppress me, but I don't feel it necessary to be always pointed up like a carpet tack. A good many carpet tacks are stepped on accidentally and much hard language used to them, just because they are too ready to assert themselves. I think the carpet tack is fulfilling its destiny better when it is pointed down and holding fast the carpet in place than when lying pointed up, waiting to be stepped on. Don't you?

LADY GAY.

## To William Watson.

For Saturday Night.  
Too avid of those earthly crumbs of praise,  
He strove with youth's wild will to make the gods  
Fling down from their repast the food he prays  
And clutches for, between the muse's nose.  
They gave the gift divine, and yielded him  
The gods' Tarpelán madness, plying,  
Yet heartless, damned with god-like blessing grim:  
What would we not to gods a ransom fling?

ARTHUR J. EYREBOR.

## Feminine Affections.

A Consideration of Pug Dogs, Choir Music and the Heart of One Algernon de Vere.



WHEN a man has a hobby, and wears every person with whom he comes in contact talking about it, he is said to be possessed with a holy enthusiasm for a lofty ideal. When a woman has a pet scheme, to which she timidly makes an occasional reference, she is said to gush over a fanciful, sentimental fad. Yet the origin of the most of our social reforms may be traced to woman's sentimentality carried to a practical issue. However, it is not with women's hobbies I wish to deal, but their affections. I am sure there is enough of the true and honest about women to make them attractive. Where is the need of pretending an enthusiasm which they do not possess?

I suppose I must be a very old-fashioned party, but I confess I would very much rather see an ugly, wrinkled, black-nosed specimen of dog flesh, known as a pug, gnawing a bone in his wood-shed home than to see its little fat, sleek body, clad in an afternoon dress of the newest dog style, while my dainty lady in her delicate drawing-room rumples her delicate laces and ribbons, hugging her dear little doggle, and showering kisses on his dirty cold nose. Do not misunderstand me. I do not wish to deprecate one of the noblest of man's instincts, a love for animals. It is a world-accepted theory that mankind strives, or should strive, for the well being and happiness of the objects of its affection. But as a society lady would not be at the extreme height of happiness gnawing bones in a dog kennel, how can she expect her dog to be in a state of ecstatic bliss surrounded by the fal-lals of fashionable life, imprisoned in a condition so foreign to his nature? Accordingly, I have been forced to the conclusion that society dogs are not petted and fondled because of the immeasurable love their mistresses bear them, but because it is the proper caper to cuddle a dog; in other words, it is an affection.

Girls, beware of the dog fad. For the sake of the solemn warning which it contains, let me tell you a story:  
Lillian Montmorency was the fiancée of Algernon de Vere. They loved each other dearly, as young people in their state of existence are generally supposed to do. But there was something in Lillian's conduct which planted the seeds of jealousy down deep in Algy's heart. They took root and grew and grew, twining their branches round until his love was choked out of its very existence. You ask: What was Lillian's offence? Did she shamelessly flirt with a rival, forgetting her troth to her lover? No, dear girl, but she had a poodle, and whenever Algy called he was compelled to sit in silence and solitude, while she talked baby talk, and cooed and cooed to her dear Fido. At last poor Algy could stand it no longer. He said sternly: "Lillian, I cannot share my affection with a dog; I give you back your freedom!"

But the dog is not the only affection we meet with. There is the girl who "just dotes on music." She attends all the concerts of the season, and during the recital of that masterpiece of sorrowful emotions, the Sonata Parthénique, she is heard to remark: "I always did love Wagner's music, it is so awfully jolly."

This same girl goes to church just to hear the music: "It is such an aid to worshipful thought, you know." For my own part, I must acknowledge a feeling of deep sympathy with our Presbyterian fathers when they protested against the iniquitous "kist o' whistles." They

must have had a prophetic vision of the inevitable outcome, and must have heard with prophetic ear their temples profaned by the unearthly screechings of the modern church choir. It would not be so bad if the members would stay within range of their capabilities and sing Oh Joyful, Joyful and similar ditties. But church choirs are ambitious and must essay gems from the oratorios of the great masters, and by their vandalism out-Goth the very Goth. Shades of the mighty dead, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Haydn and Handel, come forth, and with an icy hand stop their maudlin mouths. I hope to see the day when congregations will be contented to do their own praising, led by the inspiring strains of a grand organ played by a master hand. Church choirs aids to worship! ye gods!

The musical girl's sister has her soul filled with an awe-stricken love for the painter's art. I have seen her stand before the treasures of the Louvre and other galleries, and heard her express her wonder that any person thought it worth while to keep the picture of that woman and her baby; and I have seen her eyes dance with interest before a representation of a beechanallian feast. "They are having such loads of fun." This same girl will pass, without seeing, one of nature's many beautiful spots, while a water-color sketch of the same scene will send her into raptures.

The gentler sex affect a great many other fads. There is the masculinely independent girl who plays cricker, argues politics, shoots, and fences; but the poor little thing will gather up her petticoats and run like fun at the very approach of an innocent, harmless bit of a mouse.

There is the girl who affects the invalid, thinking the rosy cheeks and bounding spirits of perfect health are decidedly vulgar. For her no rude winds must blow, no scorching sun must shine. All must be calm and bright. Ah, well, the experiences of life come hard to such a one.

These are all affections peculiar to women. What about the men? Oh, they have none; they are just very enthusiastic in a noble cause. Yes! GARRY OWEN.

## How I Became A Humorist.

SOME great man, on being asked how he became a humorist, replied: "I guess somebody left the door open and I just blew into it." I forget whether it was myself or Bill Nye who said it; I think it must have been myself, for I remember a puff had something to do with making me a celebrity.

But while popularity may be gained in a day by some fortuitous circumstance, greatness is achieved by degrees; so I will review my career from the time when I made my first pun (and did all the laughing thereat) up to the event which placed me on the pedestal of fame.

I always knew I was destined to be a humorist since the memorable time when my mother was wont to exclaim, "Lor! ain't he a funny little rascal!" as she never failed to do whenever I did any cussedness that made everybody else in the house mad. There is a kind of spontaneous wit about a man or boy who has the true spirit of humor in him, that only waits to be relieved of the pressure of restraint to bubble over like a boiling pot and excite others to laughter. I could feel it in myself; in fact, I could hardly keep it in. But when I took the lid off—as I invariably did when anybody gave me an opportunity—many a time, after the snickers and sneers had subsided, have I cursed the fate that singled me out for distinction as a genius, for genius, unrecognized, is a very sorry acquisition to its owner. Inborn wit is a match for ridicule at any time, and I would get back at them with: "Asses never laugh." This was a fine bit of sarcasm.

that was unanswerable and always proved a squelcher. I say always, because I reckon some retorts don't amount to much. For instance, when on one occasion I remarked in that dry, cutting tone, you know, that penetrates to the vitals of an upstart, "Asses never laugh," a smart, just out of college, who wanted to show off his knowledge of the rudiments of zoology, retorted: "But they often bray." Now, wasn't that a silly speech? I can't see anything in it, can you? There isn't even a pun in it. Yet, if you will believe me, everybody in the room but me chuckled and hee-hawed as though it had been a scintillation from the brain of the great Momus himself. I didn't laugh—didn't even smile; I couldn't see any occasion to.

Well, after I had preened the feathers of my wit and got ready to fly, so to speak, I spread the wings of my genius and began to soar. It makes me sore even now to think of it. I took a week off from business and went forth into solitude, and there, beside my camp-fire in the lonely wilderness, I wrote a joke. It was a daisy! I sat up all night reading it over to myself and laughing at it. Oh! it was rich. Then I sent all the following day elaborating it. You have heard how Tennyson sometimes pondered over a single line for hours! Well, you may guess how exquisitely finished my joke was when I spent a whole day on it. And how I did elaborate it! I said to myself with an emphasis born of conviction: "I am a humorist, and the world must acknowledge the fact. This shall be my masterpiece. This must strike the editor as though he had been hit with a club." For, after some deliberation as to whether I should save it until I could publish a bookful, and so take the world by storm, or allow Puck to print it, I magnanimously decided in favor of the latter course. So I appended an explanatory foot-note, lest the editor might not be sharp enough to see the point, pulled up stakes, took the next train to the city, made a bee-line to the postoffice and mailed it by registered letter. Then I waited in a delirium of blissful expectation, alloyed only by impatience.

Three days later, I went forth to meet the postman and demand a letter. I didn't get one. Ditto the next morning, and the next. I began to get sick at the stomach. I was sure the letter had been miscarried, so I went to the postoffice and caused a tracer to be sent out. Then I remembered how I had lost a night's sleep to enjoy it. This brought me some relief, for the editor might also have dabbled over it. However, after several more dittoes, I got a letter, took it to my private room so that I could give unrestrained vent to exultation, and broke the seal. It was from the postal authorities, certifying that my letter had reached its destination. After a little pang of disappointment, I took this as an earnest of joy in store.

The next morning I met the postman as he left the office to make his first delivery. Ditto. Again the next morning, ditto. Then I went to the doctor and he said it was my liver. Before I had imbibed half the contents of the second bottle of Liverine, the letter came. I handed the medicine to a poor fellow who was out of work and at that moment soliciting aid of me, went to my room and broke the seal—also my heart.

My joke was returned.

Then I took a whole bottle of Liverine at one draught.

When I had recovered and hope again inflated my bosom, I sat down and drew a diagram of the joke, which was as follows:

"Why is a man with a sparse growth of whiskers like angels' visits? Because they are few and far between."

DIAGRAM OF JOKE.

A man with a sparse growth of whiskers is like angels' visits—Because

## Sable Subterfuge.



Sambo—Why yo' wuhkin' so busy dis a mawnin'!  
Uncle Ben (without stopping)—Cause I don't want to wuhk.  
Sambo—How's dat, Uncle?  
Uncle Ben—Dere's Col. Massey comin' to get me to wuhk foh him to-day, an' I wants to make him sink 'is too busy heah.—Puck.

1.—Angels' visits are said to be few and far between;

And

2.—The man's whiskers being sparse of growth,  
3.—They are comparatively few and far between;

Therefore,

4.—They are like angels' visits.  
This I mailed, in the firm conviction that the editor could not fail to perceive the point so clearly illustrated. And again I waited.

I bought a copy of the next issue of the paper, but it wasn't in. I also bought ten successive copies for as many weeks, but still it didn't appear. Every morning during this period of suspense, I met the postman and demanded a letter; but I didn't get one. I took more Liverine, wrote several letters of enquiry to the editor and plied the postman regularly with the usual question.

One day he endeavored to persuade me to emigrate to a place where the climate is more than torrid. This I refused to do, and resented the suggestion by pouring out the vitals of my wrath upon him, and in the vehemence of my indignation I accused him of pilfering the letter. Then I was hauled up before the bench on a charge of insanity. I expostulated at this peremptory proceeding, and read my joke in the open court as a proof of my sanity, whereupon I was committed to the lunatic asylum forthwith, without even the formality of a medical examination.

But I escaped, and afterwards had the satisfaction of reading my joke in another paper, whose editor could appreciate genius when he saw it; and this joke, with many others that I wrote, which are nearly as good, you may have read yourself in one of the many papers that publish my witticisms. I never sign my name to them, but if ever you should see a joke that approximates in quality to this one, upon which I base my reputation as a humorist, whether it bears another name or none at all, you should accredit me with the authorship, for only a humorist of my intellectual calibre can produce such joker.

Toronto, Ont. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

## Looked like Oatmeal.

In a college boarding-house Friday evening, after toes were thawed and fingers unbenumbed (it is not in the dictionary), they told this:

Two girls have recently come to Bates to board themselves and discuss conic sections and the ablatives absolute. They took rooms where two other girls fought it out a year ago. They cook and they eat there, and they study there, and they don't go out nights, and they don't hang on the front gate with any Adolphus or any George dear. They just eat to live and live to learn.

In the pantry the departed girls left some paraphernalia which they willed to their successors.

"I'd like some oatmeal," said one of the girls recently.

"There's some in the pantry that Mamie and Susie left," said the other.

They cooked and they ate it. It went down hard. It didn't seem superlatively good.

"I—I—" gasped one of the girls, "I don't think that is real good, do you?"

"N-o-o," said the other doubtfully, "but you put lots of milk on it and it goes."

It went. The next day they saw the other girls.

"We are indebted to you," said they. "We ate some of your oatmeal that you left."

"We leave oatmeal! I guess not, sissy," said they. "We left nothing eatable."

"Why, what was it then?"

"What was what?"

"Why, that stuff in the brown paper parcel on the second shelf, way back. Quick, what was it?"

"That! Why you never ate that! What Why, that was bran and sawdust that dear old ma sent us some eggs in."

Two girls turned pale and wan. One said:

"I thought—bah—I thought it tasted—(ooh, shiver)—awful chippy."

The other said:

"Girls, I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"Appendicitis," said she.

But there's a moral, and that is that girls who can discuss Paley's Evidences on a diet of sawdust can make a broad pathway down the corridors of time if you give them a chance. So look out for our sawdust girls.—Leviston Journal.

## Will They Be Dolts and Dullards?

Everyone who is not a schoolmaster is aware that a young Englishman knows almost nothing of the literature of his own land, and what little he does know, dislikes, because he has had at school to translate it into Latin. It is most humiliating to hear an American youth discourse upon this matter while our own (young) altum and glum. Efforts have been made of late to find out what our boys do read for their own pleasure, and the result of these enquiries seems to be that they read the accounts of prize fights.

One head master tries to prove that this is derived from the influence of Homer, but it is much more likely that it comes from a perusal of the sporting newspapers and the general devotion to athletics. From whatever cause it arises, it is certainly true that while there is no deficiency of good poetry and good fiction among us, the rising generation cares for neither.

It is, indeed, high time that our pedagogues should bestir themselves to remove this reproach from our sons, lest from them should arise a race of utter dolts and dullards. One is sorry to see, however, that English literature is to be introduced by English grammar, a certain method of rendering it unpopular; the grammar should be learned through the literature, and, indeed, in its technical and grinding sense does not require to be learned at all. I have known most of the best writers of English during the last half century, and not one of them ever so much as held an English grammar in his hand.—London Illustrated News.

## After Dr. What's-His-Name.

Little grains of powder,  
Just the size of sand,  
Make the mighty heavens  
Irrigate the land.



# Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Court," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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## CHAPTER IV.

"WAS LOST AND IS FOUND WAS DEAD AND IS ALIVE AGAIN."

One of the sharpest agonies of shipwrecked men afloat is the passing of ships whose look-out they have been unable to attract. The morning has come with the cry, "A sail! a sail!" The day has been spent in making signals. The night has fallen with the sea once more a watery desert.

David Keith and his companion, Matt White, of the Welsh Back, had no means of signaling. They had neither mast nor oar. They were adrift upon the ocean without any power to direct or control their boat. Matt would stand up now and then and wave a handkerchief.

He did this, however, more by way of comforting his companion in misfortune than with any hope of winning the attention of anything or anybody within their horizon of vision. Furthermore, he gave David the benefit of his nautical observations as to their latitude and longitude, and by the help of his knife he contrived to turn one of the boat's seats into a rudder, with which he professed to steer the boat, telling David that all they had to do was to keep in the track of ships.

Matt White was a kind-hearted old fellow, and without the slightest faith in the possibility of their being picked up, he nevertheless encouraged his young companion to hope, for he argued, as if the idea had only just occurred to any human being, that while there was life a man had no right to despair.

Matt knew he was doomed. He said so before sailing. He had predicted the loss of the Morning Star. It was a cruel law that compelled a man to go on board a doomed ship. What were omens for? he argued. They were to guide the mariner. Why did cats meet a man when he was going on board? and why did pigs also give warning? Because they were so ordained; and as for a dream, it was nothing short of impiety to disregard the forecast of a voyage when it was accompanied with other signs and tokens of disaster. But there, it was all over, the ship had gone, the captain who would not be advised, and the mate and all the crew, except him and the one passenger; and all they had to do was to wait God's own time and hope for the best.

Not exactly in these words, but to this effect, Matt White communed with himself while David slept; and curiously enough the lad slept for many hours after the boat began to drift away from the scene of the wreck. On the other hand, Matt White could not sleep a wink. He watched and talked, grew hungry and athirst, fancied he saw sails when the sea was as empty of them as his own hopes, much as he pretended to the contrary.

The sun was hot all day, and at night the breeze was sultry. On the next day there was a thunderstorm. The sea was not rough. It rose and fell with a strange uniformity of motion, without breaking. The rain had assuaged the thirst of the two walls of the sea. Matt had caught it in his hands and laughed over it. He had been more or less feverish from the first. David had held his face up to the great tropic-like drops, and was refreshed.

One desire satisfied, then came hunger. The next day was burning hot. The sun seemed to fire the waters. There was no stir in the air. Matt said another storm was brewing. At night there came a heavy mist. It broke now and then into ghostly form. David once more slept, but awoke every now and then feeling faint and weak. He tried to rise, and found that his limbs were stiff and painful. Matt was always busy, whether David slept or not. He would shade his eyes with his hands and look out into the night just as he did when he could see in the daytime. Then he would mumble and chuckle. Once he awoke David with his singing. It was an old sea-song that he was trying to remember, ever harking back for the words, and always chuckling when he thought he had snatched them out of his fading memory.

On the third day David felt as if he were dying, so weak, so hopeless, so empty, so incapable of thought.

He lay with open eyes in the stern of the boat watching Matt, who was in a raging fever. It was his particular mania in these last hours of fancy every cloud a sail. He hailed them with cries and laughter. He thought they signaled him. He answered them; he shouted the name of the foundered vessel; at least he thought he shouted it, but his voice was a hoarse whisper, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

After an hour or two of this mad exercise, waving his arms and answering signals, he suddenly flung himself into the sea. David had neither the strength nor the inclination to attempt his rescue. He stared vacantly at the empty place which Matt White had filled a moment before, and then shut his eyes as he thought—if he thought at all—in death. He remembered no more until he found himself in the cabin of an Italian vessel homeward bound for Venice.

When he awoke he thought he was in Hartley's Row; then he thought he was on the Morning Star after a bad dream. Trying to move he felt his body stiff and sore. He looked round the cabin and noticed that there was another bunk in it, and that by his side were medicine bottles, and wine glasses and a soup-basin. He turned over and tried to collect his faculties. The effort was too much for him, and it was many hours before he again became sensible of his surroundings.

It was one of these curious tricks of Fate that are common enough, however startling they may seem, that Alan Keith should have been sitting on the quay when the captain of the barque Eldorado walked by with a young fellow leaning upon his arm. They were on their way to a certain charitable refuge for unfortunate sailors, the boy being no other than Alan's son, whom Father Lavello was moving heaven and earth to find, and for whom the released prisoner of Tafflet had begun to build

castles in the air.

Sitting there upon the quay while David passed, he was apparently watching the newly moored ship, with the busy coming and going of sailors and merchants, or looking out over the broad lagoons; but in reality Alan saw none of the sights that lay immediately under his eyes, heard none of the various sounds all about him. He saw a grave in the bosom of the forest of Heart's Delight; he saw between the outlet of the cavern and the log hut where he and Preddie and his companions of the captured Anne of Dartmouth had whiled away the winter, a certain clump of trees and rock where he had buried his own honest savings apart from the piratical plunder of the Bristol trader, the St. Dennis, and other prizes. It was some half-recognized instinct of honor that had induced him to keep his own money apart from the treasures of the crew; it might have been conceived in the spirit of fair play with the view to the ultimate division stipulated for in the articles of agreement between him and his men. Some vague idea of devoting this honest gold to the memory of his wife may have influenced him. But as he sat on this bright winter's day, regardless of the chill air that came in little gusts of searching wind from the Adriatic, apparently much engrossed in the Eldorado, or the shivering lagoons, he experienced no particular feeling in regard to the difference between the treasures in Wilderness Creek and the hidden box on the way to the hut with its surrounding bit of garden, now no doubt wiped out with weeds and shrubs, and underwood of all kinds. He felt a craving to unearth the strange jumble of gold and precious stones, of silver cups and golden ornaments, of laces and silks, and other textiles, embroideries, and strange spices.

His memory carried him back with singular clearness, and considering all that had happened he had not the remotest doubt that he was the sole inheritor of the secret treasure. Once a transient shadow of fear crossed his mind in the form of Lester Bentz, and even in his present penitential mood he wished he had killed him. At the same time he came to the conclusion that Bentz could not possibly have known of the hiding of the treasure, and it seemed to him that making them part of the dead, giving them memorials of mortality, was a sufficient disguise for all time, apart from the inaccessibility of the spot and the superstitious dread which belonged to Nacquape and Demon's Ridge.

"My son," he said to himself, as he wandered homewards, taking the narrow, unfrequented ways of the city, and pausing now and then to exchange some curious or friendly greeting, "my son David, it is time ye came for your inheritance; I canna live much longer; I feel ghostly warnin's; noo that I have made my peace wi' Almighty God and His Blessed Son, it's like I mae be ca'd at any moment. It's borne in upon my distracted mind that I'll see thee soon, an' I ken thy face, my dear, as well as if I'd seen it a' my days; I have seen it in the spirit, thy mither leadin' thee by the hand and sayin' in her ain sweet heavenly voice, 'Alan love, this is David our dear son!' That night in his dreams Alan saw his wife and son again, and this time David was no longer wet with the damps and weeds of the sea.

A strange unrest took possession of him after this. He wandered forth into the cold night, took Attilio's boat and rowed himself down the Grand Canal, and let the wind toss him upon the waves of the incoming tide away past the quay where the Eldorado was lying and out upon the lagoons towards the Lido. The thunder of the Adriatic beating upon the sandy barriers within which slept the ocean city, recalled to him the rollers of the Atlantic outside the harbor of Wilderness Creek.

It was on the next day that the English Consul, who had taken an interest in Father Lavello's enquiries, called upon him at his temporary lodging in Venice, to acquaint him with the landing of a young Englishman who said his name was David Keith, and that he had been picked up in an open boat on the homeward voyage of the Eldorado, famished with cold and hunger, and for a time thought to be dead. He had, however, survived his terrible privations, and was now in kindly hands at the sailors' retreat near the Arsenal.

Father Lavello went at once to investigate this information, which seemed to him nothing short of miraculous; though, to be sure, it might have chanced that some other ship had picked up the lad and taken him to some other port. The Consul said something noble in the aspect of the young fellow, despite his miserable plight, had stimulated the usually benevolent sentiments of sailors towards any unfortunate victim of the sea, and for himself he was bound to say that he also was much impressed by the lad's handsome face and dignified figure.

They had dressed him in sailor garb, something between a pirate and a blue jacket, and the highest compliment they could pay him was to say that he was the dean ideal of an Italian youth, his hair black, his eyes dark and soft, his face of an olive complexion, and his form as lithe as that of a young fawn. A Moravian from the Lido who visited the house of charity said he was worthy to be the hero of a poem by their great and learned Byron, who some years previously had lived among them, glorifying their language and worshiping Venice.

Perhaps the Moravian found an added beauty in David for the reason that the young fellow was a Protestant, and while respectful to the priests let them understand that he and his were of the Reformed faith. But Father Lavello found the boy tolerant and gentle, the more so when he informed him that he had known his mother and father, had confessed them in the days of their courtship, and blessed them at the altar of the Holy Catholic Church when they became man and wife.

"That is," said the cure, "if you are, as I make no doubt, the son of Alan and Hannah Keith, of Heart's Delight."

"So far as I know," said David, "I am. Miss Mumford, who nursed me and carried me to England, told me so, and I was on my way to Newfoundland to claim my patrimony when I was wrecked."

"Indeed! You have some special authority?" "The authority of the trustees under the will of my grandfather, David Plympton."

"Yes!" "Proved, I believe, in the Courts of my chief, Mr. Waveny Petherick of Yarmouth."

"Yes," said the priest, "with whom you were attested to the law?" "You seem to know me well," said David, smiling. "It is strange to be shipwrecked and brought into Venice to meet one who knew my parents and who has knowledge of me also."

"It is," said the priest, "and who until lately had kept trace of you and record for the sake of the old days when you were an infant, and your father and mother were members of his flock. Strange! Yes, the ways of God are strange to mortal man; the prayers of your saintly mother have been heard, her intercession has borne fruit, for the Almighty Father is no respecter of persons where the holy intercession of the Blessed Virgin is obtained, and her voice can prevail even though the sinner be Protestant and outside the pale. Nay, my son, spare me thy answer. Let us give Almighty God thanks for this miracle of thy preservation."

David felt himself subdued by the earnest words and manner of the priest, only venturing to remark that he hoped he had been spared for some good work in the world.

"A pious and worthy ambition," said the priest, "and be sure it is; your future should be remarkable for good, for you have been miraculously saved, and for such a meeting in this city of marvels as your wildest dreams can hardly have forecasted. That you are a Protestant and desire to be so known, argues a certain piety; it is the man of no religion, the infidel, the scoffer, for whose soul the Church is most solicitous. You have prayed to God? You have thanked God for your deliverance?"

"Yes, with all my heart and soul," said David, catching something of the religious tone of the priest's manner. "Surely the worst of God's creatures would have done that had he been raised from the dead as I have been, for my preservation almost amounts to that, the doctor said so only yesterday when we parted; and, in truth, when I last shut my eyes in that boat at sea it was to die, and when I awoke it was as if I had been dead and had come to life again."

"Was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again," said the priest.

"I wish your reference applied in full to my case, sir," said David, "even though I should be called a prodigal and had herded with swine."

"Who shall say what a merciful and all-seeing God may not have in store for you? I am surely His messenger to you in this miraculous deliverance. Are you strong enough to receive tidings of as great joy as that of your own deliverance to those who shall learn of it when most they think you lost? Your foster mother, for example."

"And the girl who is betrothed to me," said David; "they will hear of the loss of the Morning Star, and it will break their hearts."

"We must take means to acquaint them of your safety," said the cure. "I will obtain the aid of the English Consul for that purpose without delay."

"Thank you, oh, thank you," said David, more deeply moved than he had yet shown himself.

"You are very young to marry," said the priest.

"When one loves sincerely, and Elmir's father is willing, and my foster-mother approves, and Mr. Waveny Petherick does not object, and one can provide a home, a year one way or the other is no serious matter!"

David made this statement rather in the way of asking a question than propounding a decision.

"Perhaps not," said the cure; "since you are so far pledged, let us hope there can be no other objection."

"What a blessing it is that my London trustee called before me, or rather not in the Morning Star. He was to prepare the way for my coming and meet the Morning Star at Halifax."

"It cannot be but the Divine hand is strongly in all this," said the cure; "but you did not answer me. Are you strong enough to receive a further shock, not an unhappy one, but a shock? I am something of a physician, let me see."

He took David's hand and felt his pulse. "We must not put you back into a fever. A little rest and I will come to you again." "I am strong enough for anything, sir," said David; "have no fear for me. I think I have passed a physical examination that should answer for me. You have something strange to tell me, something you are anxious to disclose. What is it?"

David drew himself up and faced the priest, recalling to Father Lavello the figure of the settler who, in the stormy days of Heart's Delight, defied Admiral Ristack, and softened only at thought of his saintly wife, the rose of that desert by the sea.

"I will take you at your word. Put this cloak about you and come with me."

The cure took up a cloak that was hanging upon the wall and they went out together.

"The air is chilly," said the priest. "It is not always summer, even in Venice."

He beckoned for a gondola. David took a seat in the gloomy-looking boat. The priest following directed the solitary gondolier to the Turkish Palace, and sat silently contemplating the water and the procession of buildings with their vistas of back canals, and collecting his thoughts for the coming interview of father and son.

Alan Keith sat smoking in his decayed yet palatial room. He had folded his long, gaber-dish coat about him; round his neck was closely wrapped a crimson silk scarf. He was sitting in a tall arm-chair that had an elaborately carved back. At his elbow was a small table upon which lay an open book. The room was large, with pillars and a vestibule at one end, and an alcove-bed at the other, where Alan was sitting. The walls were gay with the colors of half-defaced frescoes. There were



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heavy tapestried portieres over the doorway; and small windows here and there blinded with dust. The marble floor was in lovely tone from an artistic point of view, and it was covered here and there with mats and rugs.

"Alan," said the priest, having bidden David remain within shadow of the vestibule, "our prayers and the intercession of your saintly wife with the Holy Mother of God have prevailed."

Alan turned his bright eyes towards the priest as if inviting further speech.

"Be calm dear friend," was the cure's response. "I am calm," said Alan, laying down his long pipe. "What is it?"

"God has sent your son to Venice," said the priest.

"Praised be His holy name!" Alan replied. The priest stepped back to beckon David, who came forward.

"This is you, father," said the priest.

"David, I expected you," said the father, controlling himself with a mighty effort, but only for a moment. "I expected you."

David looked at his father, and a sharp cry of surprise escaped him.

"Oh, my God!" Alan exclaimed, stepping towards the boy and opening his arms. David burst into tears and buried his face in the old man's neck.

Father Lavello stealthily withdrew. Alan rocked the tall fellow in his arms and crooned in a pathetic way over him for some moments, and then thrust him apart to gaze upon him.

"My dear David, my son, my ain son, what a miracle! After a' these near-oreakin' years to see ye in the flesh, to hear your voice! Eh man, but I hae nae heard your voice. Speak to me, David."

"Father," said the lad.

"Aye, but gae on; tell me where ye hae come frae, talk to me! I hae hard wark to keep myself frae yellin' oot like a maniac."

"Sit down, father," said David, "and calm yourself."

"Don't leave me, lad!" exclaimed Alan; "where's your mither! Hannah, ye hae brought him hame, but ye hae left us!"

Alan sat down in his chair again, still keeping David's hand in his.

David looked round the room, and felt too as if he might have lost his senses, as if he had eaten of the insane root, so many strange things had happened to him since he went by coach to Bristol and took his berth on board the Morning Star.

"Forgive me, David, if I amna quite myself. Ye see your sainted mither has brought ye to me so often in my dreams that it seems as if she too might be here, though I ken weel enough she's dead and buried years and years ago. Nae, lad, I'll be myself in a minute."

The gaunt figure once more rose up and stood by the side of the young little wail of the sea.

"Tek hold of my arm; let us walk about and pinch ourselves and be sure we are awake," he said, pulling the boy's arm within his own and pacing the apartment with him.

"Ye think me a strange father; some o' these foolish kind folk in this city call me the mad Englishman; I'm nae mad, David, though I might ha' been excused for such a fa' considerin' what I hae gone through. I'm neither mad nor poor, David; ye shall find I'm rich, my son, rich, far mair than even Lavello dreams; I hae been waiting to tell ye; I hae told them naught. Lavello kens a little, but it's naught to what I hae got to tell ye, David! But ye look faint, ye are nae strong; we'll hae some food and drink. Hello, there, Attilio, Terese. We'll kill the fatted calf, David; we'll open our best wine—we'll drink and be merry—was lost and is found—was dead and is alive again."

Once more overcome with excitement Alan staggered back to his seat, and David soothed him with filial words of comfort.

"I'm just an aud fool," said Alan presently. "I thought I was what the priest ca's a stoic, and I'm just an aud fool. David, sit ye down and feel your arm at hame, and I'll just mek an effort to be myself. Eh, but it's aae long sin I had ye for a son. It just drives me wild to think o' it."

The gondolier and his wife came running in. "Quick," said Alan, "food and wine; all ye've got; the fatted calf—the best of everything; this is my son."

He rose up with a haughty wave of his bony hand as he made this declaration.

The Italian servants expressed their surprise and delight. Terese said the young signor was as tall as his father. The gondolier told David that his father was the kindest man in the world. Terese added that dinner was nearly ready, and proceeded with Attilio's assistance to drag forth a table near the stove and begin to lay the cloth. Father Lavello, as the servants withdrew, thought it a happy moment to return.

"Eh man," said Alan, "ye're just in time. Let me introduce ye—David, my son, this is

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my good friend and confessor, Father Lavello, who kenne'd ye when ye were just a baby." For the moment Alan had forgotten that it was the priest who had brought his son to him.

"My dear David Keith," said the cure, "I congratulate you upon this happy meeting."

"But I'm forgetting," said Alan, "and ye mun forgive me for I'm a little beside myself; it was you, dear friend, who found him, you who have been God's instrument of kindness in a' this. Forgive me, David, I'd never a' seen ye again but for Father Lavello."

"The good father came to me at the Home, where the captain secured me a lodging," said David, "and has earned my eternal gratitude."

"Here's the dinner," said Alan, as the servants came in with some smoking dishes. "Father Lavello, this is the feast, nae, I willna say for the prodigal son; I'll just say for the prodigal father; and I wish it was a better repast; but we'll make up for it in the choicest Chianti. Come noo, let's fa' to, I ken this lost and is found, God bless him, is both ahungered and athirst."

Father Lavello asked a blessing upon the feast, and the three fell to heartily.

During the meal, David, responding to his father's questions, gave him some particulars of his life and his adventure in the Morning Star. Although he had spoken of Elmir to the priest he made no mention of her over dinner. Something made him pause when her

name came up. He was so overcome with emotion that he could not speak. He was so overcome with emotion that he could not speak. He was so overcome with emotion that he could not speak.

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name was on his tongue. He felt as if the declaration of his engagement was now a matter to be privately mentioned to his father. Alan drew from the cure stories of their past experiences of Newfoundland, and Alan himself talked of Heart's Delight, and wondered what it was like after all those years.

He was much interested when David spoke of Miss Mumford, and Alan therefore repeated, not without some bitterness, the story of his capture, and Pat Doolan's account, related to him long afterwards, of his rescue of Sally and Baby David from the King's buccaneering law-powerful scoundrels. He laid down his knife and fork and listened with eyes and ears to David's account of Sally's home and Father Lavello's office; and every now and then in a kind of stage aside when Father Lavello was most engaged with his meat and wine he would say to his son, "Bide a wee, my son, just bide a wee, and I'll tell ye a story that'll make the blood dance in your veins. Bide a wee." David would nod knowingly in return, falling in with his father's humor, and putting his warning promise down to the upset of their meeting.

But David had by no means taken the measure of his father, Alan Keith; nor had Father Lavello, his friend and confessor. In all his dreams, during all his confessions, not in any single narrative of adventure, nor when most he appeared to be unbending himself had the mad Englishman of Venice disclosed the secret of the buried treasure of Wilderness Creek.

(To be Continued.)

### Simpson of Bussora.

I have a profound distrust of all travelers. Not because they are prone to tell me untruths about their experiences, for that has in a great measure become a dangerous experiment; wherever they may have been, other people have now also been, and it is easy, if I may use a professional expression, to "correct their proofs." No, my distrust arises from the ideas in my own mind of the experiences that they do not tell me. When they get away from the regions of civilization, and out of the influence of public opinion, think I to myself, what is it these people do not do? For the very fact of a man's being a traveler is, between ourselves, by no means a good sign. Why does he not stop at home in the bosom of his family, or, if he has no family, acquire one? It is his duty as a citizen.

One of the quietest and best fellows I ever knew—and I have known him all my life—was Simpson of Bussora. I was at school with him five-and-forty years ago, and though his house of business is at the distant spot just mentioned, I had met him from time to time during his periodical visits to this country, and always found him unchanged—gentle, unassuming, modest, and orthodox in his opinions. Our house does a little business with him in shawls and carpets, but our acquaintance is mainly social. My wife and daughters are very partial to him and delight in his Persian tales, which are picturesque and full of local color. He brings them little bottles of scent which perfume the whole neighborhood, and now and then a scarf that is the envy of their friends.

I never, however, entertained any idea of Simpson as a son-in-law until my wife put it into my head. He lived too far away for me to picture him in such a relation, and though I knew he had made money, I did not think he had made enough to return home and settle. His income was a very handsome one; but living at Bussora, he had given me to understand, was dear and did not admit of much saving. Above all, Simpson struck me as by no means a marrying man. Whenever the subject of matrimony was mooted, he always smiled in that dry, cynical way which proclaims the confirmed bachelor. Household matters did not interest him; he did not take much to children; he would smoke until the small hours of the morning, and raise his eyebrows when one said it was late, and perhaps one's wife might be sitting up. He would say "Really!" as though such an idea as one's wife sitting up for one was preposterous, but could never concern him.

I need not go into the causes which led to my conversing with Simpson on the subject of matrimony. Suffice it to say that I did not do so of my own free will. I had received instructions from my wife to "sound" Simpson on the matter, with relation to some "ideas" that she had got into her head with respect to our second daughter, Jane, and "to hear was to obey," as they say at Bussora.

"My dear Simpson," said I, as we were cracking our walnuts together after a little dinner under my own roof. "I often wonder why a man like you, with a large income and a fine house, as you describe your home to be at Bussora, has never married. It must be rather wretched living out there all alone."

"Well, it would be, no doubt," said Simpson in his quiet way. "But, Lord bless you! I've been married these twenty years."

You might have knocked me down with a feather.

"Married these twenty years! You astound me. Why, how was it you never spoke about it?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought it wouldn't interest you. She was a Persian, you know. If she had been a European, then I should have told you."

"A Persian wife! Dear me," said I, "how funny it seems!" I said "funny" but at the same time all the suspicions that I entertained (and now entertain more than ever) respecting travelers and persons who abjure civilization, crowded into my mind. "Now, what color, my dear Simpson, if I may put the question without impertinence, are your children?"

"Well, we've got no children," said Simpson, in his usual unperturbable tone. "We never had any."

I don't quite know why, but somehow or other I thought this creditable to Simpson. It was very wrong in him to have married a Persian, perhaps a fire-worshiper, or at best a Mohammedan, but it was a comfort to think that the evil had, so to speak, stopped there. To think of Simpson with a heap of part-colored children, professing, perhaps, their mother's outlandish faith as they grew up, would have been painful to me, in connection with the fact that Simpson was at that mo-

ment under my roof, the same roof with my wife and daughters, and that I was the churchwarden of our district church. I forsook at once the particular subject of Simpson's wife to discuss the general subject of polygamy.

"The Persians have more wives than one, have they not?" enquired I.

"Those who can afford it have," said he; "but it is not so usual as you may imagine."

"I need not ask how so profligate a system must needs work," said I. "It is a domestic failure, of course?"

"You need not ask the question, as you say," replied Simpson, cracking a walnut. "But if you do ask, I am bound to say it is so far like marriage in this country—it is sometimes a domestic failure and sometimes not. Perhaps it requires more judgment in selection: you have not only to please yourself, you know, but to please your other wives."

"Goodness gracious!" said I, "how coolly you talk about it! I hope no European who happens to be resident in this strange community ever gives in to the custom?"

"Some do and some don't," was the reply of Simpson. "I lived in Persia with one wife for fifteen years before I gave in."

"What! You married a second wife, your first wife being alive?"

"Just so," was the unabashed rejoinder. Simpson swept the walnut shells into a corner of his plate and helped himself to sherry. "I have now four wives."

"Bless my soul and body!" said I. "Four wives?"

"Yes. The story of my little menage may seem in your ears rather curious. If it will not bore you I'll tell you about it."

I had no words to decline the offer, even if I wished it. My breath was fairly taken away by Simpson's four wives. The traveler who once told me that he liked his food uncooked (human flesh) had given me rather a turn, but that was nothing to this revelation of my present companion; a man we had always considered of the highest respectability, and who my wife had thought would have suited our Jane.

"Well, it was at a picnic party on the plains near Bussora that the thing first came about. My wife and I were both present at it, and my European notions preventing my believing there could be the least misunderstanding about it, since I was already married, I made myself very agreeable to a certain Persian lady. She was neither young nor pretty—just like what my wife herself, indeed, had grown to be by that time—and I no more thought of making her my No. 2 than—dear me—of embracing Mohammedanism.

"My attentions, however, were misconstrued; and her brother, being a violent man in the Shah's cavalry, and knowing I had a fairish income, insisted on my becoming his brother-in-law. I believe Irish marriages are often brought about in the same way, so there was nothing in that; the peculiarity of the case lay in my having a wife already, and one who was very resolute, indeed, to prevent my having another. I spare you the troubles that ensued. Between my wife No. 1 on the one hand, and her sharp tongue, and the officer of Spahis on the other, with his sharp sword, I was placed in a very unpleasant position. I promise you; but in the end I married Khaledeh.

"I am sorry to say the two ladies got on extremely ill together. It was said by a great English wit that when one's wife gets to be forty, one ought to be allowed to change her for two twenties, like a forty-pound note, and I dare say that would be very nice; but, unhappily, I had now two wives, each forty. If they were a day, and there was no prospect of getting them changed, or parting from them in any way.

"Pirouze and Khaledeh led me a most unhappy life. They quarreled from morning to night, and so far from being able to play off one against the other as I had secretly hoped, I was treated with great unkindness by both of them. They were a matter of very considerable expense, of course, and very little satisfaction. My position, in fact, became intolerable; and as I could please neither of them I resolved to please myself by marrying No. 3."

"A twenty, I suppose?" said I, interested in spite of myself in this remarkable narration.

"Well, yes; that is, she would have been a twenty in England, but in Persia young ladies marry a good deal earlier. She was a charming creature, and cost me—"

"What! did you buy her?" cried I, in astonishment and horror.

"Well, no, not exactly; her father, however, insisted upon something handsome, and there were heavy fees to be paid to her mother and sisters, and to the Governor of Bussora. The custom of the country is curious in that respect. After one's second wife a considerable tax is levied by the government upon marrying men. However, Badoura was worth all the money; she sang, she played divinely; that is, she would have done so if she had not been always crying. Pirouze and Khaledeh made her life utterly miserable. Hitherto they had been at daggers drawn with one another, but now they united together to persecute the unhappy Badoura. Her very life was scarcely safe with them. Wretched as my former lot had been, it was now unendurable, for one can bear one's own misery better than that of those we love."

Here Simpson took out his handkerchief, of a beautiful Persian pattern, and pressed it to his eyes.

"Yes, my dear friend, they led my Badoura a dog's life—did those two women. I felt myself powerless to protect her, for I was never physically strong; and though I did not understand one-half of the epithets they showered upon her, I could see by the effect they had upon her that they were most injurious—what I have no doubt in this country would be considered actionable. For her, however, there was no remedy, and I think she would have sunk under their persecution had I not married Zobeideh."

"No, 4!" cried I, aghast. "What on earth did you do that for?"

"I married Zobeideh solely and wholly for Badoura's sake. I chose her, not for her beauty, nor her virtues, nor her accomplishments, but entirely for her thews and sinews. I said to her, 'Zobeideh, you are a strong and powerful young woman; if I make you my wife, will you protect my lamb?' and she said 'I will.' It was the most satisfactory investment—I mean, the happiest choice—I

ever made. My home is now the abode of peace. In one wing of the house abide Pirouze and Khaledeh, in the other Zobeideh and Badoura; two on the east side and two on the west. Each respects the other; for although Pirouze and Khaledeh are strong females and could each wring the neck of my dear Badoura, Zobeideh is stronger than both of them put together, and protects her. Thus the opposing elements are, as it were, neutralized; the combatants respect one another and I am the head of the united house. I got letters from all of my four wives this morning, each of them most characteristic. Badoura forgot to pay the postage—she has a soul about pecuniary details—and her letter was the dearest of all."

"Don't cry, Simpson," said I—"don't cry, old fellow. The steamer goes on Tuesday, and then you will see all your wives again. They will welcome you with outstretched arms—eight outstretched arms like the octopus."

I confess I was affected by my friend's artless narration at that time, though, since I have reflected upon the matter, my moral sense has reassured itself, and is outraged. I state the matter as fairly as I can. I have been to picnics myself, as a married man, and made myself agreeable to the ladies. Well, in Persia this might have cost me my life, or the expense of a second establishment. So far, there is every excuse for Simpson. But, on the other hand, the astounding fact remains that there are four Mrs. Simpsons at Bussora. Whenever I look at his quiet, business-like face, or hear him talking to my wife and the girls about Persian scenery, this revelation of his strikes me anew with wonder. Of course I have not told them about his domestic relations; it would be too great a shock on their respective systems; yet the possession of such a secret all to myself is too hard to bear, and I have therefore laid it before the public.

The whole thing resolves itself into a rule-of-three sum. If even a quiet, respectable fellow like Simpson, residing at Bussora, has four wives, how many wives—well, I don't mean exactly that; but how much queerer things must people do who are not so quiet and respectable as Simpson, and who live still farther off.—James Payn in *Short Stories* for April.

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CHARON.—Study next week. No more room this time.

ROLYAT.—A quaint sense of humor, rather a hasty method, some refinement, excellent discretion, social instincts, enterprise, rather controlled affections, a bright and amiable temper and a generous heart are yours.

PAST.—Your character has already been delineated from your writing. However, as it was a good while ago and I have not time to look it up, I will give you a few traits a second time. You are very amiable, love beauty, are contented, somewhat original in method, rather affectionate and have much sympathy, tact, and power of idealism; are also rather hopeful and ambitious to do well.

JEK.—Not the least trouble to shock you, Signorina! You are original, rather fond of gaiety and apt to speak your mind a little brusquely, have some humor, excellent spirits, rather a practical and sensible view of life, sometimes look down when you might as well look up; you seem to rather lack the finer touches of sympathy, tact and quick perception, but are undoubtedly sincere and reliable in so far as your power extends.

A DILETTANTE.—L. McKenna could send for the book for you. It is so largely a matter of intuition and practice that the bare rules are easily mastered. Frost on Graphology. 2. Your own writing shows marked ambition, intuition, perception, love of beauty, excellent judgment and sequence of ideas; hope is strong, effort constant, candor and love of the beautiful plain. You are somewhat formal, very conscientious, reliable in work, and though lacking in snap and fire are a very pleasant study for a graphologist.

HOMER, SWEET HOMER.—You can learn music any time especially if you are fond of it and have a good ear, but the practicing comes harder on you at first, as your fingers will probably be stiff. Limber them up as much as you can by exercises, and rub your hand firmly and frequently. 2. Your writing is admirably plain, but it lacks finish and character. It shows warmth of feeling, steady purpose, rather even temperament and need of social intercourse. I think the judgment is sometimes faulty and thought disjointed.

L. L. H.—Your writing shows refined feeling and rather a taste for the beautiful. You lack originality, but have an excellent style, and if somewhat touchy are also sensible and sincere. I don't think you could do deliberately what you consider wrong. Your conscience is active, your method orderly and your perseverance good. You are rather reserved, careful of detail and very decided and settled in opinions. As to the enclosure, I did not use it in delineation, and hold it for your instructions. I should like to call your attention to the two words, "I, eye," which read very awkwardly in the fifth line.

SMOKER STACK.—Original matter does not imply an essay or a poem, as so many seem to fancy. What you sent will do excellently, but would have been improved by a few more capitals. 2. You are dependent in a great measure for your happiness upon the sympathy and approbation of those you esteem. You have rich idealism, rather a faculty for adapting yourself to circumstances. I fancy you could pick up a living anywhere. Your temper is excellent, self-control good and truth and candor fine. I should think you were an easy fellow to get on with and by no means lacking in brains. You are also fond of society, persevering and rather forceful in effort.

LEN MINERABLER.—You really ought to be ashamed to sign such a wretched name to such a funny letter! I had several good laughs over your comical history. Can it be true? You are a merry, careless and clever person, with rather an impetuous way, fond of society, an excellent talker, adaptable, good-natured and somewhat of a quip. You sometimes go too fast and ignore details, but are very frank and decidedly original. A touch of self-will and a little prejudice, great ambition, decision and force are shown. You are vivacious, generous and most likable. If I had more studies like yours and Stella's, graphology would be delightful.

STELLA.—I think you are a pretty nice girl, as you ask for my candid opinion. I am so surprised that a woman of your extra good sense and observation should apologize for not using ruled paper. Don't you know lines are death to your individuality. They would ruin your writing, which, like yourself, needs freedom to do itself justice. You are bright, brave and truthful, fond of fun, but very discreet, honest and constant in purpose, fond of praise, but not weakly open to flattery. You can love well, and are reliable both in temper and utterance, careful and have, if you only use it, an inflexible good over many whom you would not dream you could direct. All your lines are strong, sensible and frank, at the same time womanly. I declare I am quite attracted by them!

SWEET SIXTEEN.—My dear, your father is perfectly right. You are decidedly rushing the matter if you at your age desire to provide entertainment for young gentlemen

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(school or college boys, I suppose I should call them). A girl (I sixteen is out of place as a social light, and should have more timely occupation. Wait for two or three years before you begin such things. I am much in sympathy with precocious maidens, for I was one myself; but I am quite sure if I had known how silly it made me look, I'd have been obliged to some true friend who would have said just what I am saying to you. 2. Neither is correct. Say to the lady: "Miss A., may I present Mr. B.?" Always introduce the gentleman to the lady. It is surprising how many who know better, forget this simple rule. 3. Your writing, while distinct and promising, is too formal and studied to give a good delineation.

BOOKS.—1. Oysters, when in season, would be a very suitable dish. You could serve them in two different styles, say raw, with out lemon, and scalloped, with a dash of red pepper. 2. To keep the hands white and soft: As bed-time wash them carefully, take a pair of large kid gloves, turn them wrong side out, rub them over with Althea Cream and then turn them back and put them on for the night. Never rub soap on your hands, and when washing them use tepid soap and rinse it off carefully before drying the hands. This is very seldom properly attended to. You can get Althea Cream, Powder, Soap and other toilet articles by writing to the Althea Toilet Articles Co., Detroit, Mich., where they are made. 3. Your writing shows a rather self-satisfied spirit, honest, but prejudiced, fond of romance and very unpractical, rather decided but careless, and with strong affection and decided originality, a determined purpose, but rather a self-reliant and unsympathetic nature.

### New Facts About the Dakotas

Is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

### The Valet's Fault.

"That suit of yours doesn't fit you very well, Simpson."

"No, darn it! That's what comes of sending your man to do things for you instead of going and doing 'em for yourself. The idiot got measured for himself, and not for me as I told him to."

### Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffman, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffman's Asthma Cure to any sufferer who sends his address and name in this paper. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases, insures comfortable sleep and cures where others fail.

### What to Expect

Dumplin—A New York court has decided that the Dutch never had any title to Manhattan Island.

Pompon—The next thing will be a decision that the Germans don't own Milwaukee.

Is your blood poor? Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

### Heroic Resolve.

Foedick—How are you to-day?  
Keedick—I can't complain. How are you?  
Foedick—I can complain, but I won't.

### For Malaria

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.  
Dr. E. G. Davies, De Smet, Dak., says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effort of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

### A Local Application.

"How did the Merchant of Venice take out West?"

"All right everywhere except in Utah; but there, when Launcelot Gobbo declared that 'it is a wise father that knows his own child,' the people all took it as a personal insult and left the house."

A Graduate of Toronto University says: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

### That Drove Him to It.

Fangle—I see that Mr. Pullman contemplates improving the ventilation of his sleeping cars. Camo—Indeed! He must have been compelled to pass a night in one.

### California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

### A Conundrum.

"Here's a conundrum, Witherup," said Bosbyahall. "What's the difference between Columbus's staff and a baby?"

"What?"

"One had Martin Pinson and the other has safety-pins on."

### Through Wagner Vestibule Buffet Sleeping Car Toronto to New York via West Shore Route.

The West Shore through sleeping car leaves Union Station, Toronto, at 4:55 p.m. daily, except Sunday, arriving in New York at 10:10 a.m. Returning, this car leaves New York at 5 p.m., arriving in Toronto at 10:25 a.m. Sundays leaves Toronto at 12:50 p.m.

### In the Rush Line

"Now Jones and I will form a wedge, Smith and Brown can follow in the V, while Robinson and Johnson can work around the ends;" and so skill, science and strength that came from foot-ball practice secured them seats when the L-guard opened the gates.



CURE SICK HEAD

Slack Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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"Madge has a very awkward walk, hasn't she?"

"Yes; but wait till the hoopskirts come in next fall, and her walk will be out of sight."

Labor Saved.

"Do you always look under the bed before you retire?"

"I never do."

"You don't? Why?"

"I sleep in a folding bed."

A Long Wait.

Clara—Why has Fanny Finnemaker's wedding been indefinitely postponed?

Maude—They sent the groom down town to match the wedding ribbon.

Asking Too Much.

"Waiter, this water is very dirty."

"I am vairy sorry, but ve cannot be expect to wash ze water, sare."



## Music.



**L**OVERS of organ music will be interested to learn that a movement is on foot to secure for the new Massey Music Hall a large concert organ which shall answer for Toronto much the same purpose as corporation organs do in several cities in England. I have not yet learned by what means it is proposed to raise the funds for this laud-

able move, whether by an appeal to the City Council, a citizens' subscription, or private donation, but whatever methods may be adopted I wish the scheme every possible success. An important consideration should not be lost sight of in this connection. The new Music Hall should be supplied with an instrument of much grander proportions and capabilities than any at present existing in the city. Unless the specifications call for a more complete and comprehensive scheme than that possessed by any of our churches, the proposed organ would not prove a lasting factor as a concert attraction. An instrument costing, perhaps, \$20,000, constructed on the most approved modern plan, should answer the purpose adequately, but a less expenditure of money would be a mistake if an organ is desired which would worthily represent the musical ambition of Toronto.

Interesting organ recitals have been given from time to time by resident organists, on different church instruments, and sufficient has been demonstrated thereby to prove that under favorable circumstances a genuine appreciation of, and love for, organ music might be fostered in this city. In some churches permission is readily granted organists to hold regular recitals, but this does not apply in all cases. As a consequence, several of the finest organs in the city are only to be heard during church services or on some special but seldom recurring concert occasion. Mr. W. E. Fairclough's recitals during the past season in All Saints' church were the most comprehensive series of organ performances given in this city for some years at least. The steady increase in the number of hearers who attended these recitals monthly, seemed to indicate that even weekly concerts inaugurated in Toronto something after the pattern of the recitals given in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, or Leeds Town Hall, would result most satisfactorily in every way. Organists who are now debarred from giving regular recitals on their own church organs would be glad of the opportunity offered by the use of such an organ as should be placed in the new Music Hall. The usefulness of such an instrument would not, of course, be restricted to organ recitals. The combination of orchestra and organ in oratorio accompaniments could be made grandly effective, and frequent use would no doubt be made of the proposed organ in this way. I trust that the movement may be energetically carried forward and crowned with success.

Arthur Nikisch, the famous conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which under his baton has become the finest organization of its kind in the United States, has accepted the position of director general of the Royal House, Buda Pesth, and leaves for Europe about June 1. It will be found a difficult matter to find a successor who will combine with the musical qualities of Nikisch the personal magnetism which made him a power among his men. The position to which Mr. Nikisch is appointed is one of the most important of its kind in Europe. That he will fill it well goes without saying. Under his direction the Opera at Leipzig gained a reputation some years ago which placed it in the very front rank of similar leading establishments of the world. Since his departure from Leipzig, however, a policy of retrenchment in expenses has seriously affected the artistic standing of grand opera performances in that city. Many of my readers will recollect the grand old days in the solid Saxon city, when with Nikisch at the helm as conductor-in-chief, and Mahler (who captivated London last season) as sub-conductor, performances were given nightly, the memory of which will never be effaced. This was when such artists as Moran-Olden, Schamer-Andriessen, Baumann, Artner, Grengg, Hedmond, Perron and Schelper, filled the leading roles in performances which attracted enthusiasts from all parts of Europe. There are rumors afloat that Dr. Hans Richter will be offered the position left vacant by Mr. Nikisch in Boston. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has for years been a source of inspiration to thousands of music-lovers in all parts of the continent, so that the appointment of a new conductor is an event of continental interest.

The music hall of the Toronto College of Music was crowded to the doors on Thursday evening of last week, on the occasion of a recital given by the elocutionary department of the college, assisted by Mrs. Lee, Miss Topping and Miss McKinnon, pianists, and Miss Rutherford and Miss May Taylor, vocalists. Miss Dunn, the teacher of elocution at the College, deserves highest praise for the excellent manner in which the various recitations were rendered by her pupils. Among those who took part in the readings were Misses Springer, Brown, Halden, Butcher and Land, all of whom gave evidences of unmistakable talent and careful training. Miss Topping and Mrs. Lee, pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, rendered several piano solos very artistically. The same may be said of Miss McKinnon, a pupil of Mr. Torrington. The vocal numbers by Miss Rutherford and Miss Taylor added much to the enjoyment of a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

On the same evening an interesting piano-forte recital was given at the Conservatory of Music by Miss Ruby Preston, A.T.C.M., a pupil of the Director, Mr. Edward Fisher. Miss Preston's numbers included compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, J. S. Bach, Händel, and Sterndale Bennett, in all of which her

playing was characterized by firmness and accuracy as well as delicacy of touch, combined with an intelligent appreciation of the beauties of the different numbers performed by her. The serenade and finale from Sterndale Bennett's trio Op. 26, in which Miss Preston was assisted by Signor Dielli and Mr. John Bailey, was a beautiful bit of ensemble work. Vocal numbers were contributed during the evening by Miss Amy Berthon, a pupil of Madame D'Auria, and Miss Ida Walker and Mr. J. Martin, pupils of Signor D'Auria, all of whom gave pleasure to the large audience present, who testified to the fact by loud applause after each number.

Miss Norma Reynolds has been appointed leading soprano of the Trinity Methodist church, Bloor street west. Miss Reynolds, who studied for some years with Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, formerly of this city, now resident in New York, was for two years principal soprano at St. James' Cathedral, a position which she filled most satisfactorily.

Messrs. Vert and Harris, the enterprising impresarios to whom we were indebted for the recent appearance of the two great Dutch artists, Wolff and Hollmann, have arranged for the early appearance in Canada of the famous African choir which has just made so successful a tour through England. This body of Kaffirian singers recently sang before Her Majesty the Queen, who afterwards addressed them, expressing the great pleasure she felt at receiving them at Osborne, and her admiration of their excellent singing. The novelty of this combination will doubtless attract large numbers to hear them in their tour through this country.

I am sorry to learn that it is the intention of Mr. Joseph Gould of Montreal, proprietor of the *Arcadia* Art Journal, to cease publication of that deserving periodical. The *Arcadia* was one of the very few Canadian publications which presumed to be critical. The musical correspondence from various cities of the continent, including Toronto, was a most interesting feature of *Arcadia's* contents. The regular contributions from Toronto's correspondent, Viola, were particularly interesting because they dared to be critical; sometimes unnecessarily severe, perhaps, but all the more useful for that reason and a refreshing variance from the fulsome flattery which so often follows local performances both good and bad.

The *World* of March 17 contains an able editorial on the subject of Toronto music at the World's Fair, in which the proposed trip of the Philharmonic Society to Chicago is cleverly discussed from a common-sense standpoint. The writer of the article does not support the idea of the society being aided by the city; and doubt whether the trip if undertaken would serve as a desirable advertisement to this city. The artistic aspect of the affair is intelligently handled and in a manner contrasting vividly with the comedies which appeared in the editorial columns of the *Globe* last year, reference to which was made in SATURDAY NIGHT of last week. There is more truth than poetry in the independent statements of the *World*, and while all will heartily wish the Philharmonic Society or a general chorus every success should the Chicago invitation be accepted, yet I feel certain that the empty glory of "going" will not in itself be considered the chief end of the proposed excursion.

Prof. S. H. Clark, the distinguished elocutionist of Chicago University, and formerly of this city, will make his first appearance in Toronto since his removal to Chicago, on Monday evening next, in the Carlton street Methodist church, when in conjunction with the excellent choir of the church, under the able leadership of Mr. D. E. Cameron, an unusually attractive service of song and readings will be given. Some of Prof. Clark's most pronounced successes have been won in connection with the song services of the Carlton street Methodist church, the seating capacity of which has been taxed to the utmost at his every appearance there, an experience which will, no doubt, be repeated on Monday evening next.

On next Friday night the choir of the Bloor street Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, the energetic organist of the church, assisted by Prof. Clark, elocutionist, and Harold Jarvis, tenor, will give their usual Good Friday concert. An attractive programme has been prepared, including some unaccompanied part singing by the efficient choir of the church.

One of the strongest concert attractions now touring through this section of the continent, is the Hecker family of four children, who concertize in Association Hall on April 4 and 5. The remarkable success of these youthful prodigies wherever they have appeared, should secure for them crowded houses on the occasion of their concerts here. Flattering notices from the press of leading American cities have been won by the talented family, who, by the way, are related to Mr. John Bayley, bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer, under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, are practicing very diligently the sacred cantata *Bethany*, to be given in their church next Tuesday evening, March 28. The work was written for a service to be held during Passion Week, and the criticisms of the English press on its first presentation at Gloucester Festival in 1889 were very flattering.

Coming events of interest are the concerts by Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson and her company, the Nordica concert company, including Franz Rummel, the great pianist, and Emil Fisher, the renowned basso; Mr. Baccovitz's postponed farewell recital; the Harmony Club's presentations of *Falka*, and Miss Neely Stevens', of Chicago, piano recital in St. George's Hall, April 11.

The Laura Schirmer-Mapleson Operatic Concert Company, which is coming to the Academy of Music Friday and Saturday of next week, should give us an unusual treat. Mme. Mapleson has sung in high-class concerts in all the best cities of Europe, has sung before royalty in St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Milan, and be-

fore the Sultan of Turkey. The fame of Mme. Mapleson is such that nothing need be said of her, but of her company something may be said. It is very strong, including Mlle. Theodor, prima donna contralto of the Milan Opera House and Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden; Herr Berthold Barron, primo tenor, from the German and Italian opera houses; Signor Luigi Viviani, who for the past fifteen years has occupied the position of primo basso at all the principal Italian opera houses, not only in Europe but also in South America. Last winter he was engaged by Messrs. Abbey & Grau, and shared the role of Mephistopheles and other bass roles with the world-famous Edouard de Reszke. Herr Jacques Friedberger, solo pianist, has achieved great distinction in his art. As a boy in Vienna his pronounced talent attracted such attention as to gain for him the envied position of court pianist to the Emperor of Austria; later he conducted the Beethoven symphony concerts. He now excels, not only as a solo pianist, but in the difficult art of accompanying and conducting. Friday afternoon's programme will be repeated Saturday evening, and Friday evening's programme will be sung again Saturday afternoon. Mme. Mapleson and all the members of her company will render or share in concert numbers in the early half of each performance, concluding one programme with the entire third act of Gounod's opera *Faust*, and the other with the second act of Flotow's opera *Martha*. I have seen the programme of the concert numbers to be sung and my expectancy is whetted. The plan of seats opens at Nordheimers' at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, March 25.

Mme. Nordica when last here left such an impression on the many hundreds who heard her superb voice, that dozens of the public have requested Messrs. Sackling to arrange with her management before leaving for London one more appearance in Toronto. Mme. Nordica fully justified the high praise with which she was heralded. No more charming singer has been heard here. Being still young and beautiful, she is undoubtedly one of the best dramatic sopranos of the day. Emil Fischer, the distinguished basso, is also with the Nordica Concert Company. We cannot recall ever having heard his equal, he having a wonderful compass and a splendid round tone unusual about a basso. The primo virtuoso of the company is Herr Franz Rummel, one of the most distinguished living pianists, he being able to interpret works of all the great masters; consequently great interest is being expressed to hear Rummel. Isidore Luckstone is also with the company.

## The Mariner.

For Saturday Night.

"Wreck and stray and outlaw."—Swinburn.

Once more adrift,  
O'er dappled sea and broad lagoons,  
O'er frowning cliff and yellow dunes,  
The long, warm lights of afternoon  
Like jewel dustings drift.

Once more awake,  
I dreamed an hour of port and quay,  
Of anchorage not meant for me;  
The sea, the sea, the hungry sea  
Came rolling up the break.

Once more afloat,  
The billows on my moorings press;  
They drove me from my moment's rest,  
And now a partless sea I breast,  
And shelterless my boat.

Once more away,  
The harbor lights are growing dim,  
The shore is but a purple rim,  
The sea outstretches gray and grim,  
Away, away, away—

Once more at sea,  
The old, old sea I used to sail;  
The battling tide, the blowing gale,  
The waves with ceaseless undersail,  
The life that used to be.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## Galt.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. C. R. H. Warnock gave a very pleasant At Home. The house was prettily decorated with plants and cut flowers, and looked very bright. The following young ladies attended in the dining-room: Misses Annie Warnock, Bee Greenhill, and Gertrude and Selma Dietrich. There were present: Mrs. Herbert Ball, Mrs. M. McCullough, Mrs. R. Jaffray, Miss Woods, Mrs. G. Jaffray, Miss J. Jaffray, Miss A. Warnock, Mrs. and Miss Seagram of Waterloo, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Metcalfe, Miss Newbatt of Toronto, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Hogue of Toronto, Miss Brydon of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Porteous, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Lanigan, Mrs. and Miss Spiers, Mrs. Willett, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. Dietrich, Mrs. Greenhill, Mrs. H. Miller, Miss E. Miller, Misses Cranston, Allan, Lumsden, Goldie, Mather, McNaught, Cutler, Blain, S. Blain, Gregg, Leonard, and Mrs. Cherry.

## Dot and Carry One



A Colossal Pie.

Perhaps the largest pie ever made was that baked at Donby Dale, Yorkshire, in 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee. The

dough was made up into two-stone loaves and then welded together, so to speak, while the potatoes were sliced by four stones at a time. Of meat the pie contained a beast weighing forty-seven stone—a calf and a sheep. The dough weighed forty-eight stone, while the potatoes which found a temporary resting-place within it represented the goodly weight of one hundred and four stone.

It was baked in a specially prepared oven for four and a half hours, under the superintendence of a jury of matrons. It was then placed on a trolley and drawn by two horses through the streets to a field, where it was cut into huge segments and formed the meal of many a hungry man and woman. Although two thousand people dined from it, they left enough to have provided a hearty meal for over one thousand more.—*The Million*.

## Up in Explosives.

Tommy—Aunt Jane, I should think that you would be afraid to bang your hair.  
Aunt Jane (an antique)—Why, dear?  
Tommy—Why, you might ignite the powder on your face.  
(And then Tommy wonders why Aunt Jane doesn't send him a birthday present.)

## Not so Ignorant After All.

Explorer—Do you know, Ethel, the African savages were so ignorant that they couldn't understand what made Stanley's iron boat float.

Ethel—What was it, Uncle Jack?  
Explorer—Why—er—the—er—shape, you know, and—er—atmospheric pressure, you know, and—er—all that sort of thing.

Mr. N. Pearson, dentist, so long and well known on the corner of King and Yonge streets, has become associated with Dr. Bosanko and removed his office from McCaul and College streets to 45 King street west, over Hooper's Drug Store.

Prof. E. Maason of 53 St. Vincent street having severed his connection with the Ingres-Coutellier School of Languages, after having been five years in that institution, is prepared to receive pupils in French.

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Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will receive pupils in Voice Culture, Expression in Singing and Piano at his residence, 214 Carlton Street, Toronto.**MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO**, HAS returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans von Bülow, in Frankfurt in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester Street.**STAMMERING**  
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## Mme. Mapleson's Dresses.

A writer in *Harper's Bazar* gives a charming account of the dresses worn by Mme. Schirmer-Mapleson, who is coming to Toronto next week, and a description of some of the dresses may prove interesting to the ladies. Her Paris-made gowns for Lucia are particularly notable. The robe for the wedding scene cost goodness knows how many hundred francs. It is of heavy white silk made *en princesse*, with an immensely long train. Down the left side of the skirt is a net-work of pearls extending from waist to hem; the front and left side of the skirt are of wonderful gold brocade, the pattern, gold roses, being outlined with seed pearls. This material alone cost fifty-five francs a yard. The bodice of the pointed bodice is embroidered with pearls and gold thread, and the long full sleeves are slashed with gold brocade and laced with pearls. A dainty *coif* of white velvet is embroidered with gold and pearls, and with this costume Madame Mapleson wears rivers of diamonds and pearls. Another Lucia gown is of bluish gray corded silk, with a velvet stripe of a deeper color outlined with silver.

Some of Madame Mapleson's concert dresses are also very elegant. One of them is of ivory white satin, draped with wonderful old point lace that was presented to her by the wife of a high dignitary of state in St. Petersburg. A Paris dress of electric blue silk is shown with a banding all over the front and round the hem, that verily seems to have the blue flare of electric sparks. From the short bodice hangs a fringe of these lightning-like beads, a yard and a half deep. The bodice, which is cut *en cœur*, is embroidered with the "electric" beads in lines that seem to mould the figure, and a deep fringe hangs all round the *decollete* neck. A white gown of some queer Turkish stuff with alternate stripes of satin and crepe threaded with silver, is made up very simply, and rather *a la Grecque*, the soft folds of the draped bodice and skirt seeming to hang together by the most mysterious means.

## Mrs. Emma Ewing.

This lady, who is professor of domestic economy, in charge of the School of Cookery at Chautauqua, writes: "Those wonderful Christy knives do the work for which they are designed in an admirable manner, and should have a place in every well ordered family. I take pleasure in recommending them to housekeepers everywhere." These good words are echoed by the many thousands who have used the knives in Canada, and we have much pleasure in calling attention to advertisement respecting them, which appears in another column, on page 5. For one dollar remitted the company they undertake to deliver the "set of knives" free, by mail, anywhere in the Dominion.

## At Eastertide

followed as it is by the clanging of Wedding Bells, we make special efforts towards the display of appropriate Wedding Gifts.

Of course you know "Ryries' Art Rooms" are always free to the lovers of the beautiful—just as free as out of doors—but at this time we would specially like you to see them, we think you would derive pleasure from the sight—possibly you might covet some of the contents—however, that's an afterthought.

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## For the Ball Room...

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin *de chine*, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

Such are the styles as furnished by Henry A. Taylor No. 1 Rossin House Block

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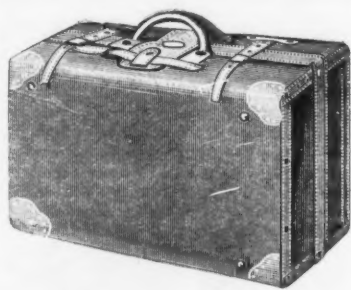
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WEEK OF  
MARCH 27

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MARCH 27

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We have had no many enquiries for a larger camera that we are now manufacturing a larger size, with extra fine lens, accurately focused, which takes a photo as large and perfect as any \$15 lens camera.



## The Scholastic Grove.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

**N**EXT fall the University will have a sort of miniature renaissance or classical revival in the shape of Sophocles' Antigone, which drama will be produced in the original Greek with all the old Athenian accessories of stage costume or scenic effect. A modern-roofed chamber requires some idealization to think it like the theater where the demos were wont to gather long ago, and it is suggested that an approximation to the ancient plan might be arrived at by building a grand stand and producing the play on the lawn. The reproduction, too, will differ from the original in that the authorities will not pay the admission fee. Prof. Hutton and Mr. Fairclough, who have the matter in hand, have gone to work very enthusiastically. They find themselves opposed by several serious, but no unsurmountable difficulties, and will score a well deserved success.

A large number of the students attended the readings in the Pavilion by James Whitcomb Riley. They were principally embryonic poets of the ethereal type, and the subject of Spring, Beautiful Spring, will doubtless receive considerable attention as a result.

'Varsity has always been famed for the men it has supplied to Canada's militia. The latest addition from 'Varsity is Mr. W. A. Gilmour, and all his friends are anxiously anticipating his first public appearance in uniform.

Mr. Charles Dill, of the School of Practical Science, has been appointed mechanical draughtsman in the Edison Electric Works at Peterboro'. He has gone up to take charge.

Last week's issue of the 'Varsity contains a criticism of the manner at present in vogue in the University of conducting football elections. The writer of the comments acknowledges that he was never at a Rugby meeting, never paid a Rugby fee and never attended a Rugby practice. Those who have done all three express their satisfaction at hearing this information, and hope that when the writer presumes to criticize the conduct of the chairman of another Rugby meeting he will not descend to publishing untruthful scurrilous under the title of comment. He makes statements which are a travesty on proper journalism and are undignified and contemptible.

Mr. C. A. Chant, the popular lecturer in physics, is something of an amateur photographer. His latest production is an artistic-looking group of his class of '94. The students are gathered in an obviously careless attitude around the table of the lecture room, with their working apparatus before them. The shadow on their faces is partly an effect of the side light and partly a result of introspective speculation as to whether Mr. Chant will find it in his heart to use his camera when he examines their work in practical physics. The group comprises Misses L. D. Cummings and M. L. Robertson, Messrs. D. M. Lennan, G. W. Rudlen, F. H. Frost, E. E. Reid, W. E. James, J. J. Brown, and W. H. Williams.

One of the city dailies recently contained a communication from "An Earnest Student." He is a third-year honor moderns man, and the burden of his complaint is that he has more work to do than his mental equipment enables him to accomplish. A perusal of his letter is calculated to leave the impression that he makes a very fair estimate of his own ability. But nevertheless his plea for less work in the moderns course is a trifle ridiculous. Fewer French and German books to read would simply mean more time to be idle, as the course practically allows no scope for original investigation. As a matter of fact, the theories of "Earnest Student" are founded on an entire misconception. Whatever may be the ideal, the fact is that the student of modern languages necessarily gets a mental training which leaves him well supplied with knowledge as distinct from wisdom. One of the most striking phenomena of university life is the unanimity with which the ladies take up the study of moderns. The reason for this is obvious. It is simply because the ladies are for the most part not seeking increased mental power, but are looking rather for that light esthetic culture which in after life may be found valuable in the social sphere. This being so, they naturally devote their energies to the cheerful and attractive realms of literature. They read poetry, English poetry preferred, and make a very specious pretense of examining the author's style, though it is now becoming the vogue to admit a certain amount of interest in the embodied sentiment. The secret of the whole trouble seems to be that it is not a branch of study suited to men's requirements. In Toronto University the experiment of co-education has practically broken down. The two sexes walk the same corridors, but with comparatively few exceptions they each follow their natural trend of thought and do not trespass on each other's mental domain.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter addressed a very large gathering in the college Y. M. C. A. on Thursday last. Mr. Crossley delivered an earnest plea for the proper care of body, mind and spirit. He also sang two solos, which were highly appreciated. Mr. Hunter, who spoke on the question, "What are you doing?" produced a marked effect by his evident heart-felt warmth. This closes the devotional meetings for Thursday evening, but the Sunday afternoon gatherings will continue as usual.

Even more than usual interest was manifested this year in the annual meeting of the Glee Club. The season has been a prosperous one and despite several extra heavy expenditures, the treasurer's report showed a substantial balance on hand. The election of officers resulted as follows: W. R. P. Parker, '95, honorary president, by acclamation; Alexander L. MacAllister, '95, president; J. T. Blythe, '94, treasurer and pianist; A. S. Mackay, '94, secretary; W. R. White, '96, curator; K. D. McMullan, '94, F. W. Bigelow, '94, senior councillors; W. Wilson, '95, J. H. Fielding, '95, junior councillors; W. P. Eoy, '96, C. C. Campbell, '96, sopranos. After the election, Dr. Wishart spoke of the foundation of the club in 1878,

when a number of musical students met in residence and decided to institute a system of weekly chorus practices. From this nucleus the present organization gradually developed. Last fall the membership rose to one hundred and twenty-six, of whom one hundred and nine are undergraduates. The roll shows that the average attendance at practices has been sixty-four. During the season concerts have been given in Toronto, Hamilton, London, Chatham, Woodstock, Berlin, St. Catharines, Brantford, and elsewhere. An offspring of the present body, the Banjo and Guitar Club, bids fair to be just as popular as its progenitor.

The names of the officers of the Women's Literary Society for the next academic year have since been added: 'Varsity editorial staff, Miss Durand (acclamation); 'Varsity directorate, Miss J. S. Cowan; residence committee, Messrs. Skinner, Withrow and M. L. Robertson.

Among the invited guests at the banquet of the Irish Journalists held at the Rossin House in this city last Saturday night were: Mr. W. H. Bunting, B.A., Mr. Frank R. McNamara, B.A., Mr. W. J. (Tim) Healy, B.A., and Mr. J. A. Garvin, B.A. Journalism is certain to receive lasting benefits from the men whom 'Varsity supplies to its ranks.

## KNOX COLLEGE.

President Horne occupied the chair at the annual meeting of the Knox College Literary and Theological Society. Mr. J. H. Borland, B.A., presented the treasurer's report, which showed a satisfactory surplus. Mr. G. W. Fortune, B.A., spoke in confident and inspiring terms of the condition and prospects of the Monthly. Mr. Jas. Wilson gave his address as valedictorian of the executive. The following officers were chosen for next year: President, Geo. A. Wilson, B.A.; 1st vice-president, Alex. J. Mann, B.A.; 2nd vice-president, C. H. Loury; critic, T. H. Mitchell, B.A.; recording secretary, A. L. Budge; corresponding secretary, N. D. McKinnon; treasurer, John Burnett, B.A.; secretary of committee, P. F. Sinclair; curator, John Bailey; councillors, W. E. N. Sinclair, John Radford, W. A. McLean. Hearty votes of thanks were tendered to Messrs. McBain and Bowles, who have completed their terms of office. ADAM RUFUS.

## Queen's College News.

**O**UR College Journal—excuse me, our University Journal—is largely taken up at present with sketches of the members of the graduating faculties of the different faculties. The majority of these biographies are not such as the subjects of them are likely to cherish in the days to come. It is a pleasant thing for a graduating student, and for his friends, to have his college journal bid him God-speed and a cordial farewell as he is about to leave his college halls, the cherished wing of his alma mater. It is high time, however, that the custom of holding our graduates up to the ridicule of their fellow students and parading idiosyncrasies before the world was delegated to the limbo of obsolete college customs. Some of the remarks that have been made seem to have been suggested by a spirit of enmity rather than humor, and really reflect more upon the writer than upon the persons stigmatized.

The speaker who addressed the congregation in Convocation Hall on Sunday, March 12, was the Rev. Herbert Symonds, M.A., rector of Ashburnham. He took as his subject Continuity and Progress, and delivered an eloquent and able address, pointing out the dangers of extreme conservatism in religious matters on the one hand and of inconsiderate and hasty progress on the other, and urging a golden mean by a careful and judicious mingling of both elements. The address was replete with good things, and the students of Queen's will be glad to hear Mr. Symonds again.

The new committee of the Arts Y. M. C. A. seem to be getting down to work without loss of time. On Friday, March 17, the organ from Convocation Hall was brought into use, much to the improvement of the musical part of the services. Another pleasing feature of the meeting was a vocal quartette Iark my Saviour Calls, by Messrs. C. Lavelle, T. Stewart, W. P. Fletcher, and H. Carmichael. The adjourned annual meeting was held at the close of the prayer meeting, and the retiring president and treasurer, Messrs. J. R. Fraser and R. Herblison, presented their annual reports. The treasurer's report showed the total receipts for the year to have been \$70, of which a small balance remains in the treasury.

The men who have been sojourning in the hospital are coming back to the college halls one by one. They look, like most convalescents, a little pale and shaky, but say that they "are still in the ring." Mr. W. R. Carmichael and Mr. T. L. Walker are at work again, and others are expected back very soon. It is somewhat strange that all the illness should have developed just at the one time, as no new cases have since been developed.

This year's dinner by the grave theologians of Divinity Hall is now a thing of the past, having been consummated on the evening of St. Patrick's day in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. Whether the date was selected owing to a lurking suspicion that St. Patrick was a Scotchman, or whether it was a tribute to the fervid patriotism of those eloquent champions of the rights of Ulster, Messrs. Hodges and O'Connor, is still clouded in doubt. However, the event passed off with becoming éclat, and in the feast of good things that were provided, both for the intellect and the appetite, the higher critic and the traditionalist forgot their points of difference and buried for the nonce the tomahawk of controversy.

Many are the signs of the near approach of the end of another college year, when they of '95 who have been an important factor in the life and progress of our alma mater for four years, must pass off the stage of college life and enter "the wide, wide world," the arena of practical and arduous labor. Ere our next budget appears, the meddles will be in the midst of their exams, and at present the

graduating classes of the various departments are haunting the studios of photographers, with a view to leaving behind them a memento that will reveal to succeeding classes what manner of men and women they were who held the honors in '95.

RED, BLUE AND YELLOW.

## At Old McGill.

**I**N COMPLIANCE with the invitation of the governors of McGill, five men were appointed from each year to represent the arts faculty at the science conversations.

Mr. Deeks has lately received word from Sir William with reference to the award of the prizes of zoology. The Principal states that he will be present at the Convocation in April. Everybody is wondering where the Convocation will be held this year, as last year there was such a crowd in the Mission Hall.

During the absence of Dr. Mills, Dr. Morrow has endeared himself to the freshmen by his kindly help and guidance along the narrow path among the pit-falls which bound the physiological swamp.

The annual meeting of the McGill University Athletic Association was held on Saturday evening in the college building, the president, A. S. Cleaves, being in the chair. The business to be transacted was the receiving of the annual report and the election of officers for next season. The secretary, J. Alex. Cameron, presented his report, which showed the club to be flourishing in every way. Last year's field day was particularly successful, six college records being broken. The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. president, Sir William Dawson; president, G. H. Mathewson; vice-president, W. Donahue; secretary, J. C. Hickson; hon. treasurer, Prof. Moyses; treasurer, H. C. Baker. The committee will be elected by the different faculties.

A special meeting of the McGill Medical Society was held on Saturday evening, President T. A. Dewar in the chair. The subject of the evening was a paper on the Chemistry of Immunity, by Dr. Rutman. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was made to Dr. Rutman. This was the last meeting of the society for this session. It is understood that the club will soon receive more spacious apartments.

A noticeable activity has made itself apparent during the session now nearing completion, in the organization of various societies each with different ends and ambitions, and we point to this new growth with peculiar pride. Of late years McGill has been rather behind the universities of both England and the States in this matter, and we are glad to see she is now waking up this year for the first time for some years. We see a classical club has been formed by the men of arts and we hope soon to see a Greek play performed. The senior societies both in medicine and science have been doing good work and the meetings are well attended. What we are doing has already been done by those famous old institutions of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, who point with pride to their various clubs and societies, classical, dramatic, financial, political, and so we might also enumerate many other great centers of university life.

RED AND WHITE.

## Trinity Talk.

**T**HE Committee on Athletics have made the following appointments: Captain of football team, H. B. Robertson, '94; captain of hockey team, H. V. Hamilton, '94; captain of basketball team, W. R. Wadsworth, '93; secretary first eleven cricket team, G. C. Heward, '93; secretary second eleven cricket team, H. B. Gwyn, '93; secretary baseball club, A. N. Myer, '93; secretary tennis club, E. C. Cattannach, '93. Comment is needless. The captains by their hard work on the teams have won the confidence and respect of the men, and the secretaries are most fitted to look after the interests of the clubs. With these officers and the material at hand our prospects in athletics for the coming year are as bright as could be asked for.

The Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club play in St. George's Hall on April 7 and 8, and in Convocation Hall on April 18. Several new men have been added: Messrs. Mockridge and Southam, '95, guitars; O'Reilly, '95, second banjo, and McMurrich, '95, novelty man, making in all eighteen men, including banjoers, first and second banjos, guitars and mandolins.

The tickets for the Athletic Association concert in Convocation Hall, on April 18, are now out and may be obtained from members of the University. The prices are: admission, fifty cents; reserved seats, seventy-five cents. The plan of the hall will be opened a week before the date of the concert at Nordheimer's. Besides the Banjo and Guitar Club, and the Glee Club, there will be a strong array of outside talent, whose names alone are quite enough to warrant a first-class entertainment in every respect. The men who have the affair in charge will spare no effort to make it a success musically and socially, and already the 18th is being looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure.

On Tuesday, March 14, the annual Episcopon Supper was held in accordance with an ancient and honored custom. At 8.30 "the ball opened" in Hall, where Steward Filby had prepared a most tempting supper. After this had been done ample justice to pipes and song; were in order. A programme had been arranged and was thoroughly appreciated. Then came the reading by ye Scribe of Father Episcopon's letter. I might explain that the venerable father makes an annual visit and administers the chastening rod to all who especially deserve it by showing forth in verse or prose, in jest and joke, the faults or peculiarities of his children. Some of the things were most clever, and the rebukes albeit open were tempered with kindness by the venerable sage. The evening ended with Metagons, the college song, the words of which are written in Greek. Then came the

march to Middle College, where Auld Lang Syne was sung, the college and class yells given, and so ended Episcopon Supper of 1895.

The March number of the Review comes out this week.

Lectures stopped on Thursday, March 16, and most of the men went down on Friday or Saturday, excepting those who were writing on supplemental exams, and the Divinity men, whose term does not end until about April 20.

Prof. Clark lectured in Hamilton on Saturday last before a large and appreciative audience.

Art lectures commence again on April 10.

RED AND BLACK.

## The Wrong Tackle.



Hibernian (angrily)—Tek it off, yez dom dude, or O'll bre'k yer face!  
Charlie Toussele (in amazement)—Take what off?

Hibernian (getting ready to fight)—Yez know well enough. That piece of orange ribbon for'ninet yer button-hole!



Charlie Toussele (as he wears of the exercise)—Take the orange and black from out my button-hole! The champion half-back of Princeton College desert his colors! When you've got enough, Irish, just pull the bell.

—Puck.

## At the Club.

"What's wrong with Cholly?"  
"S-sh! He thought of something last night and he's trying to think what it was."

## Sharing the Blame.

"I wish babies could walk," sighed Sammy, "and then they wouldn't think that all the muddy tracks in the house were mine."

## Very Desirable.

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer, after a graphic description of a terrible accident.

"I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience.



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It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silence of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor wreathed phantoms from the river course, and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure one moment only, for the pine clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet-winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene, as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple air seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to a common mechanic, yet the wound rankles sharply still."

"Captain—"

"Is that you, Spicer? What now?"

Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private Spicer's head was just visible.

"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot of men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly, Spicer."

There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.

He stopped short as his eye fell on a new face, half-shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders—a pale, blood-streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?"

"No, sir," explained Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."

"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent?"

"Didn't you hear what I said?" sharply interrogated the superior officer. "Brace, make the others comfortable in Lieutenant Ordway's quarters. There will be plenty of room for them there."

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward, as he came out of the captain's tent, scratching his shock of coarse red curls.

Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent above full on the singular group within its circling folds—the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head—and the brisk, gray-eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.

"He is not dead, doctor?"

"No; but he would have been in another half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!"

The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement. "He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"

"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first—only at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man; now it is washed out in his blood."

It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness.

"Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you? Why, in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rank and file, I should think."

"The captain's tent? How came I here?"

"That's just what I can't tell you—you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain Keene, are you?"

"Keene—Keene!" repeated the man.

"Because," pursued Spicer, "if you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't have taken better care of you. His cousin, maybe?"

"No! God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a low, bitter groan.

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain—as clear-headed as a bell!"

"Very well, Spicer; you can go."

The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.

"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.

"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your hands."

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he vainly would drive back—tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face away lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall.

The next day he again alluded to the home subject.

"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me?"

"Yes."

"I want you to obtain leave for May to come

and nurse me when I am transferred to the hospital."

Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble, and said in a strangely altered voice:

"Do you mean your sister?"

"My sister—yes."

"Of course, if you wish it, I can obtain permission, Harney. But—"

"Well?"

Keene's cheek colored, and he bit his lip.

"I should not suppose she would be willing to leave her husband for the very uncertain comforts of hospital life."

Harney smiled, looking into his companion's face with keen, searching eyes.

"May is not married, Captain Keene. She has no such appendage as a husband!"

"Not married!"

"I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become Lisle Spencer's wife, but she refused on the very eve of the wedding day."

Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.

"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left S—about two years ago, too well over to become any other man's wife."

"Harney—you do not mean to say—"

"I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."

Captain Keene wrung his companion's hand and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdities.

"I see you'll get nothing written to-day," sighed Harney as he lay watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of condemned note paper.

"I shall, though," smiled Wallace. "Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at."

Captain Keene did write—and if he inserted a little foreign matter it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, and she went home again, it was only to lose herself in orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly, shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turns and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over the sands of gold.—A. R. in N. Y. News.

## New Books and Magazines.

The April issue of *Lippincott's* is mainly devoted to Columbus and the Exposition. The complete novel, *Columbus in Love*, is by George Alfred Townsend (Gath), and narrates fully and feelingly the great discoverer's relations with Beatriz Enriquez. The leading persons of that day in Spain, and some of the chief scenes, are introduced: Isabella, Ferdinand, the court, the bishops, the fall of Granada, the Inquisition; as well as those most closely associated with the Genoese: the faithful Nunez, the good prior of Rabida, Pinzon, the sailors, and many more. The canvas is crowded, and those who will may here make enlarged acquaintance not only with the surface of Spain at that eventful era, but with the spirit of the time and the heart of its greatest man. The novel is fully illustrated. William Igleheart tells what the Publicity Department did for the Columbian Exposition. A portrait of Major Moses P. Handy accompanies this article. Julian Hawthorne attempts a Description of the Inexpressible: the Buildings of the Fair; and Frederic M. Bird characterizes The Religion of 1492 and that of Columbus.

The April number of *Worthington's Illustrated Magazine* is the best yet published. Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin has an excellent paper on American War-ships of today, while the enthusiastic geologist, Prof. G. Frederic Wright of Oberlin, discusses The Glaciers of Alaska. These are the two leading features of the magazine, although any amount of light and sparkling reading is provided for those who prefer it.

While writing with all the scientific knowledge of a great astronomer, Camille Flammarion in his marvelous story *Omega*, The End of the World, which begins in the April number of *The Cosmopolitan* magazine, keeps the reader at the highest point of excitement by his vivid description of the alarm and despair excited by the approach of a comet whose collision with the earth had been declared by astronomers inevitable. The description begins at a time when the business of the world has been suspended, and at a great mass-meeting held in the Institute of France we hear the discussion of scientists as to the possibility of a second deluge, the drying up of all the surface water of the globe, or the total destruction of human life by cold, together with all the possible phases of death paralleled by the history of the moon. For scientific statement and sensational effect this characteristic production of French genius is unique, and the reader who reads the marvelous story—and if he begins it he will certainly finish it—will have assimilated without effort, a compact store of scientific knowledge. In this way, apart from its absorbing interest, this remarkable piece of fiction will have a distinct scientific value.

The *Californian Magazine*, with its customary spirit of timeliness, presents in the April number no less than four important papers on the subject of Hawaii. The first of these comprises some posthumous articles by King Kalakaua which were secured by the publishers with much difficulty. The Ancient Hawaiians, by E. Ellsworth Carey, is a highly entertaining description of the island kingdom under the rule of the Kamehamehas. The illustrations are reproductions from very old and valued oil paintings. James O'Meara, formerly U. S. Commissioner to Hawaii, gives the history of Hawaiian annexation from the first endeavor, which occurred during President Pierce's administration, down to the latest strenuous efforts in this direction, and F. R. D. describes in a clear and graphic man-



Fitzzy—Say, Esabeller, shake de skinny an' come wid me. Yer gits dis Nancy Hanks an' ha't interest in me newspaper bizness.—Judge.

ner the recent overthrow of the Hawaiian Government.

*Belford's Monthly* for March editorially discusses annexation, declaring against the admission of Hawaii and urging the people of the United States to turn attention to Canada. Although I do not agree with the editor's finding, that annexation is in the end inevitable, yet it must be admitted that *Belford's* discusses the subject with a show of knowledge such as American writers seldom exhibit when referring to public sentiment in Canada. Let me quote: "A far more important topic of the day is that of annexing the Canadian Pacific, formerly called Canada (sic). The great belt of fertile country north of us, larger in square miles than the United States, populated with nearly six million civilized souls, rich in everything which makes a great people, and blessed with a debt of nearly three hundred millions of dollars, is surely deserving of more attention than Hawaii and Queen Liliuokalani. Civilization presupposes indebtedness. Canada's debt, therefore, does not mean degeneracy. But her ratio of increase in population plainly shows her disadvantage in the struggle with her more powerful sister south of her. This evil is only temporary, and has been caused by the everlasting maddings of short-sighted statesmen. Sir John A. Macdonald in his grave is, to day, the most powerful politician in Canada. To get in power, Sir John fathered the National Policy—a policy, by the way, which he only believed in as an expedient—and to remain in power he built the Canadian Pacific and turned Canada over to it. The Liberal party, with right on its side, led by cowards and trimmers, is to this day kept in the opposition by the dead politician. The National Policy is unadulterated protection. That is, it makes everything dearer for the consumer, and a few manufacturers richer. It worked so well politically that the cowardly Liberals, instead of attacking it as they had done in their first campaign, abandoned the fight and tacitly acquiesced in the wholesale robbing of consumers. Taxes increased, and, naturally, the young men and radicals discussed independence and annexation; but for every voter in favor of annexation there were over one hundred in favor of independence, and one thousand in favor of loyalty to the crown. And so stands public sentiment in Canada to-day. However, it is the one that thinks, and it is he who will eventually bring about what is inevitable some time—annexation to the United States."

## Art and Artists.

The sale of Mrs. Dignam's pictures advertised in another column should attract a large gathering at Coats & Co.'s on March 29. Besides the work of this talented artist there will be several paintings by well known New York artists, and as the sale is to be without reserve, bargains may be expected. The catalogue is endorsed by many flattering press notices.

In consequence of the opening of the new Parliament Buildings and Legislative Assembly being fixed for Tuesday, April 4, the At Home to be given at Galbraith's Academy will take place on Thursday, April 6, from 3 to 7, instead of Tuesday as previously announced. The patronesses are: Her Excellency Lady Stanley, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lady Galt, Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis, and Mrs. E. B. Osler.

The 21st annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will be opened on April 22 next. All work must be delivered unpacked at the Gallery not later than April 15. Forms can be had on application to the secretary O. S. A., 79 King street west.

## Old Tavern Signs.

There have been many quaint old sign-boards which hung weather-beaten and creaking upon the hostleries of the past. Some of them exist to this day, when it is not considered necessary to exploit in wooden literature the old legend, "Entertainment for man and beast." The Greek and Roman publicans originated the custom which afterwards became almost universal. Nor was it an altogether disagreeable or ostentatious fashion, since the swinging, creaking sign gave the weary traveler his first welcome and furnished often an intellectual entertainment. The muse was often invoked for some spirited verse, which ornamented the sign in ornate lettering. A tavern-keeper in the Isle of Man has this over his door:

"I'm Abram Lowe, and half way up the hill;  
If I were higher up, what's funnier still,  
I'd still be Lowe. Come in and take your fill  
Of porter, ale, wine, spirits—what you will.  
Step in, my friend, I pray, no further go;  
My price, like myself, are always low."

An English publican took great pride in a single line:

"Try my dinners; they can't be beat."

The sign attracted much attention and offered amusement to all travelers, so much so that the landlord put on his glasses and scanned it proudly, to reassure himself of its excellence. What was his dismay to find that the waggish

## A Bribe.



Fitzzy—Say, Esabeller, shake de skinny an' come wid me. Yer gits dis Nancy Hanks an' ha't interest in me newspaper bizness.—Judge.

painter had omitted one important letter, so that the sign read:

"Try my dinners; they can't be eat."

A noted inn in England, the White Horse, bore on its sign this allusion to four other inns in the immediate locality:

"My White Horse shall bite the Bear  
And make the Angel fly;  
Shall turn the Ship bottom-side up,  
And drink the Three Cups dry."

A Brighton inn had this curious sign, which must be read up, beginning at the right hand, when it makes sense easily enough. As a provocative to many glasses of stimulant, during the period of reading it, the sign was a success:

More	Beer	Score	Clerk
For	My	My	Their
Do	Trust	Pay	Sent
I	I	Must	I've
Shall	If	I	Bowers
What	For	And	My

The Blue Lion was a famous London sign, so was the Green Dragon. The Red Ball and Acorn was one of the earliest English signs. It must be remembered that the first signs, used centuries ago, were symbols without letters, for in those days men could not read, and the wine houses had a cluster of vine leaves or a bunch of grapes painted on a board over the door for a sign. A hare and a bottle over the hotel at once suggested the name of the landlord, "Harebottle."

In the reign of Charles I. an edict forbade the use of large swinging signs, as they were found to be dangerous in high winds. There was not much attention paid, however, to the royal command, as the nobles themselves could not have found their favorite pot-house if its sign had been removed.

Distinguished painters of the past expended some of their genius on sign-painting. In the museum at Basel there are two pictures by Holbein that were painted for signs for a schoolhouse, and Watteau painted a sign for a milliner's shop in Paris. Horas Vernet also was a sign painter in his early youth.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## The Usual Way.

Fitz—What did you think of the musicale? Mac—As a conversation it was a pronounced success.

## That's Why.

"Why do you Irish parade on St. Patrick's day?"

"Doesn't it come in the month o' March, sure?"

## Sort of Necessary.

"Isn't Lent threemile?" said Miss Flypp.

"A little," replied Miss Kittish; "but if there were no Lent what would we do for Easter bonnets?"

## Couldn't.

First dude—Pawt you in the avenue to-day, Charley Chiccybird, and you stared wight at me and nevah spoke.

Second dude—Beg pahdon, old chappie. Nevah saw you, 'pon honah! Had me eyes shies on doncher know.

## Just What He Wanted.

Prospective Father-in-law—Oh, what is that wedding-check ink, young lady?

Young Lady—Why, that's a new patent. You write a check at night, present it to the bride, and it fades out in daylight.

Prospective Father-in-law—Ah, give me three bottles.

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Toronto General Steamship Agency  
28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST  
For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

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Has a large and well assorted stock of  
**New Season's Teas**  
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TORONTO

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**DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist**  
Cor. College and Yonge Streets. Tel. 4308  
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Rooms No. 45 King Street West  
OVER HOOPER'S DRUG STORE  
**DR. ALFRED F. WEBSTER,**  
DENTIST  
Has removed to 32 Bloor Street West. Tel. 3868.  
**DR. FRANK J. STOWE, Dentist**  
Student of Dr. Parry Brown, New York. Office, 463  
Spadina Ave., close to College St. Teeth filled evenings by  
use of Electric Mouth Illuminator.  
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Central Dental Parlors  
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Special attention paid to painless operating.

**DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to**  
Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 23, Arcade, cor. Yonge  
and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with  
his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2332.

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Special attention given to diseases of Throat, Lungs and  
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Consultation rooms, 29 and 30 Canada Life Building.  
Hours—10 a.m. till 4 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist  
Telephone 3922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

**JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis**  
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Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases  
of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

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Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

**GALBRAITH'S ACADEMY**  
In affiliation with Academie Julian, Paris, France.  
**School of Painting, Modeling and Drawing**  
Young Women's Christian Guild Building  
19 and 21 McGill Street, Toronto  
The pupils advance from the study of the finest antiquities  
to the living model.  
PROFESSORS—G. A. REID, R.C.A., J. W. L. FORSTER,  
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Circulars and terms on application at the studios, or by  
mail on addressing the Secretary.

**CENTRAL College**  
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts. Cor. Market and Erie Sts.  
TORONTO STRATFORD

**SPRING TERM**  
Begins Tuesday, April 4, 1893.  
Young Men and Young Women trained for active,  
useful business life. Commercial, Shorthand and English  
Departments. Day and evening sessions.  
**SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.**  
Catalogues Free. Telephone 3388.

**FOR A BUSINESS EDUCATION ATTEND THE**  
**British American Business College**  
ACADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO.  
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.  
C. O'DEA, Secy.

**MONSARRAT HOUSE**  
1 Classic Ave., Toronto  
**Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies**  
**MISS VENNOR, Principal**  
(Late Trevelyan House, London, Eng.)  
A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.  
For terms and prospectus apply to Principal.

**MEISTERSCHAFT SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES**  
39 Queen Street West  
Conversational lessons in French, German, Italian, etc.  
Preparations for University examinations. JAMES CUBIN,  
Principal, of Neuchatel, Switzerland.

**FITS**  
There are a great many kinds of fits, but the worst is a pair of boots that don't fit. We have overcome that difficulty. From our long experience in business we can tell whether or not a boot will fit. That is the kind we buy. Then we order them in a size and different widths, which makes the certainty of a fit doubly certain. We have some of the daintiest shoes you ever saw this season.  
**H. & C.**  
**BLACHFORD**  
83 to 85 King Street East

**PICKLES KEEPS ONLY THE BEST OF AMERICAN RUBBERS.**

**WM. PICKLES**  
**PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR, 335 Yonge Street**

**THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT**  
8 and 6 Jordan Street  
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the best quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.



## Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

sweet communion even by a lonely fireside with those who have been with us, casting them into a prison will not save them from breaking a promise exacted under extraordinary circumstances and dictated by selfishness. Just as freedom is beautiful politically, socially, and in every walk of life; just as the sense of duty is strongest where temptation is greatest; just as sentiment is sweetest and most binding when most extraordinarily placed, so our lives are apt to be shaped by the freedom we enjoy, by the sentiment which controls us, by the duty which prompts us. Promises and pledges seem to supersede everything else. They seem while they are unbroken to be the death of everything else. Wise men and wise women should never ask for them. If kept, they are the death of love and duty; if broken, they leave a wound in the heart and conscience which must always be unhealed sores filled with remorse and every day generating weakness. For who is there who, having broken a promise made beside a deathbed, feels that any other promise can be sacred? Who is there who, feeling that his promises are worthless, can have any confidence in his own resolutions, and having no confidence in his own resolutions he is hopeless of fulfilling those arrangements he has made for good doing. Is he not apt to sink into the despondency and weakness of drifting as the dross and jetsam drift, slowly at first but finally involved in the vortex to which all waters, even the most quiet waters, tend?

Dox.

## Art in Advertising.

This has repeatedly been the heading of articles in newspapers and periodicals of late and may appear at the first glance a trifle stale, but I merely wish to call my reader's attention to a little matter which may be classified under this title, and do not intend for one moment to enter into any discussion about the subject in general.

I am often the recipient of advertising trifles, presumably, I suppose, because I happened to incidentally remark in a previous article the change in style of advertising during the past decade.

This week I received from the local representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway samples of their Easter advertising, and I must say that art of no mean order is displayed both in choice of subject and shading.

The circular which the Company annually mails to the principals of schools and colleges at this season of the year is printed in a heliotrope shade of ink, on a very fine sample of Japanese paper, which I am given to understand was imported directly from the "Land of the Chrysanthemum" for the Canadian Pacific's use. The paper appears to be made of some vegetable, fibrous substance peculiar to that country, and the various samples are beautifully marked with outlines of flowers, birds, insects, etc., which altogether make a very artistic circular and one which I shall keep as a souvenir of Easter 1893.

Enclosed with this circular is a very cute and appropriate card in the form of an egg, which is sure to be appreciated, particularly by the younger members of the community.

In the same package I found some of the dearest little fellows on cardboard I have ever seen. So realistic. There are six in the series, each with some distinctive feature, but all so charming. The little people are represented crawling on the ground, and judging by their smiling faces appear to have succeeded in gaining their desired object, for each holds it up to us with the proudest expression in the world, as much as to say, "See what I have got!" And what do they show to us? Only the motto of the company, "All sensible people travel by the C. P. R.," a household saying in this Canada of ours.

The Women of Toronto Should be on Their Guard and Know What is Brought Into Their Houses.

For several weeks past a respectably dressed person has been calling at private residences throughout the city delivering a small package, apparently a sample, but as a rule holding no conversation with members of the family. Few people have suspected that this meant anything more than the mere delivery of a trial package of some quack medicine and so paid little attention to it, but those whose curiosity was aroused by the appearance of the meek-faced stranger have discovered that the parcel was literally alive with interest for every member of the household. It contained a quarter of a pound of Lensitive Phenix, not a dangerous explosive, but the great French washing powder which is now used in nearly every home in France and bids fair to entirely supersede everything of that character which has been in use in this country and the United States.

People generally are apt to hesitate before trying a new article and sometimes throw away a great blessing without realizing it. It is the duty of every housewife to see that this article gets a fair and unprejudiced trial in accordance with the directions on the wrapper, for it will surely hold a prominent place in the house where it is once used.

No article for easy washing of clothes and cleansing purposes generally can surpass this Lensitive Phenix washing powder, and yet it costs only about half the price of ordinary soap.

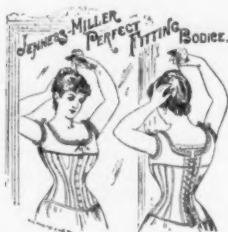
You will be delighted with the appearance of your clothes after the wash and wonder how it was all done so easily, but the great charm of it is that there is nothing

in Lensitive Phenix that can injure the finest fabric or burn the hands. You cannot fully appreciate this washing powder until you have used it, not only in washing clothes but for cleaning all kinds of vessels, kitchen utensils, glassware, marble, floors, woodenware, woodwork, brass and silver ware, cutlery, etc., etc. If a sample package has not reached you telephone your grocer to send you one, then all that is asked is a fair and honest test of its merits.

## Shamus O'Brien.

Current Cash is announced in our dramatic column to appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, but owing to some difficulty about getting the scenery in shape for opening night, the bill will be changed to Shamus O'Brien, played by the same company.

The crossiest man in Canada would be pleased with his photograph if taken by Lyonde, Hamilton's high class photographic artist.



The American Corset and Dress Reform Co.,

316 YONGE STREET.

Having secured the exclusive agency for the Jennens-Miller Patterns, also the control of the Geo. Frost Dress Reform Waist, respectfully invite the inspection of the same. Ysland Union Suits in all styles.

### DICKSON & TOWNSEND

3978

### CATALOGUE SALE

First-Class Furniture, Heintzman Upright Piano, Brussels Carpets, 16th Century Oak Bedroom Suites, Handsome Library Furniture, Valuable Books of Engravings, Miscellaneous Books, Marble Clocks, Dinner and Tea Sets, etc.

Which the undersigned have received instructions to sell at the residence,

NO. 80 SPADINA ROAD,

ON

TUESDAY, MARCH 28,

WITHOUT RESERVE.

The above furniture is of the best manufacture and in first-class condition, and persons wishing to pick up a few nice articles are advised to attend this sale.

TERMS CASH. Sale at 11 a.m. Catalogues ready about March 20. DICKSON & TOWNSEND, Auctioneers.

### THE MART

By OLIVER, COATE & CO.

CATALOGUE SALE OF AN ARTIST'S COLLECTION OF

### Valuable Oil Paintings AND WATER COLORS

FROM THE HOUSE OF RENOWNED ARTISTS ONLY.

The undersigned have been favored with instructions from

MRS. M. E. DIGNAM

to sell by Auction at The Mart, 57 King Street East, on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29

her much admired collection of

### OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER COLORS

numbering in all 120 lots, which attracted so great attention at her exhibition in her studio during last week. Besides her own well known work of years (including pictures painted in Holland and France) will be found works of other representative artists, viz.: J. Dillan, Ben Foster, E. M. Scott, C. B. Cowan, E. L. Coffin, L. Graeme Ware, W. L. Judson, Miss Ida Mitchell, C. MacDonald Manly, H. Thompson and W. H. Reid.

The collection will be on view at The Mart two days previous to sale, and catalogues can be obtained from the Auctioneers. TERMS CASH. Sale at 2 o'clock.

OLIVER, COATE &amp; CO., Auctioneers

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all points East of Fort William and Detroit,

Good Going March 30, 31 and April 1 Good returning, leaving destination not later than April 4, 1893.

### TO Teachers and Scholars

Round Trip Tickets will be sold on presentation of standard form of School Certificate signed by their principal, between all points East of Fort William, in Canada only.

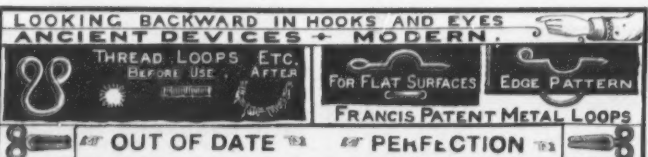
Good Going March 31 to St. Inclusive, Good to return leaving destination not later than April 17, 1893. Apply to any Agent of the Company.

### SINGLE FARE

### To Teachers and Scholars

Round Trip Tickets will be sold on presentation of standard form of School Certificate signed by their principal, between all points East of Fort William, in Canada only.

Good Going March 31 to St. Inclusive, Good to return leaving destination not later than April 17, 1893. Apply to any Agent of the Company.



### FRANCIS' PATENT LOOP HOOKS AND EYES,

made in all sizes, silvered and black. The loops are set to place instantly by passing the point upward through lining and the material, and then down again, leaving the loop exposed for hook. Our numerous repeat orders are evidence of the value of these goods. For sale by live dealers everywhere.



THE GOLDEN LION.

## R. Walker & Sons

33, 35, 37, 39, 41 and 43 KING STREET EAST

## EASTER TIDINGS

We have just received a further shipment of the LATEST NOVELTIES

## JACKETS, COATS AND CAPES, ETC.

which will be a handsome addition to our stock for the

EASTER TRADE.



THE GOLDEN LION.

HAVE you tried it?  
If not. Why not?

# Corticelli

Silk and Twist is unequalled for all ladies' tailoring, dress-making, and general domestic use. It possesses a strength, lustre, and evenness which you find in no other thread. Ladies prefer it, dressmakers recommend it.



### DICKSON & TOWNSEND

3978

### PRIVATE COLLECTION

### Water Colors and Oil Paintings

The undersigned will sell by auction at their rooms, 15 King Street West, on

MONDAY, MARCH 27,

a private collection of Water Color Drawings and Oil Paintings by well known Canadian and Foreign Artists.

TERMS CASH. Sale at 2:30 p.m. On view Friday and Saturday, March 24 and 25. DICKSON & TOWNSEND, Auctioneers.

### CARPET CLEANING

Done by the HYGIENIC Carpet-Cleaning Machine.

We also clean Carpets Without REMOVING from the floor if necessary.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

### J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

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Telephone 1057 180 Queen St. West

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FOR

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Bedroom

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IN THE LATEST DESIGNS

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The CHAS. ROGERS &amp; SONS CO., Ltd.

97 Yonge Street

NESTLE'S MILK FOOD

PERFECT NUTRIMENT FOR INFANTS CHILDREN AND INVALIDS

For 25 years the standard throughout the world.

No Milk, Water only, required to prepare for the feeding bottle.

Your Doctor will tell you it is the safest diet for baby.

Its use will show it to be the most economical.

Simple and our book "The Baby" free to any mother sending us her address and mentioning this paper.

Thos. Leeming & Co., Montreal.

### ESCALLOPED OYSTER OR BAKING DISH

New Designs ranging in price from \$8.50 to \$25.00 each.

Also, New Goods specially suitable for Wedding Presents.



THE TORONTO SILVER PLATE CO. FACTORIES AND SALESROOMS, 570 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager. JNO. C. OOPP, Sec.-Treas.

### KENT BROS.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

THEIR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Diamonds, Watches, Jewellery, Silverware, Clocks

Bronzes, Etc., Etc.

To be sold at a reduction of from 25 to 40 per cent. Bargains in every department. Come and see.

KENT BROS., Manufacturers and Importers

184 YONGE STREET, Sign of the Indian Clock.

FOSTER-HOOVER-March 5, George Foster to Jane B. Hoover.

Deaths.

WALLS-March 21, Mrs. Andrew Walls, aged 76.

DAVIS-March 13, Joel W. Davis, aged 65.

ANDERSON-March 14, Helen Y. Anderson, aged 86.

KILGOUR-At Guelph, on March 30, Rev. James Kilgour.

BOOTH-March 16, Joseph D. Booth, aged 64.

ROBERTS-March 15, Ann Jane Roberts, aged 77.

McKEELAR-March 15, Tom McKellar.

McLEAN-March 16, Isabella McLean.

MUNDY-March -, V. E. Mundy, aged 31.

MACLEAN-March 6, Mary Maclean.

CROOKS-March 16, Lawrence Crooks, aged 35.

BEILBY-March 18, James Beilby, aged 54.

JEWELL-March 21, Mary Ann Jewell.

DAVIS-March 30, John H. Davis, aged 61.

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HEINTZMAN CO.

PIANO

When you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dulness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

CATALOGUES FREE ON APPLICATION

HEINTZMAN & CO.

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